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HENRY MARTYN.

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HENRY MARTYN.

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BY THE REV.

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CHAPTER I.

MARTYN'S EARLY LIFE.

[1781—1802.]

THERE are names in ecclesiastical history more conspicuous than his who is the subject of the following memoir; but it may be doubted whether any one of them is more worthy of being held in everlasting remembrance. It may be safely said that none of those who sleep in the martyr's grave, and wear the martyr's crown, ever laid himself more willingly a living sacrifice on the altar of the Lord, or more readily surrendered home and country, love and ambition at the call of God, than did Henry Martyn.

From the great world without there are borne to our ears high-sounding phrases about heroes and heroic deeds. If we ask the world for the man whom it dignifies with the title of hero, and whose name it embalms in its annals, it points us to men of high daring and lofty enterprise—to the victor on the red field of war, to the patriot who defends the altars and the hearths of his native land. No one can be insensible to the charms

that invest the chivalrous deed or the patriotic exploit. The heart must be cold indeed which does not kindle as it thinks of the soldier who goes forth for no selfish end, nor to weave the laurel round his own brow, but simply at the call of his country, to dare and to endure only so far as she commands, and having accomplished his mission returns home to repose gratefully among the citizens whose rights he has defended, and whose liberties he has secured. The heroic element exists in such a character, and demands our warmest recognition. True greatness is not to be measured by cities ravaged and villages overrun, that one man may set his individual self on a pedestal which culminates above the world; but it is to be looked for rather through the light of self-sacrifice, when the strongest ties are severed, and the fondest hopes are relinquished; when danger is braved, and toil endured that others may benefit by the peril that has been encountered, and the enjoyment that has been resigned. If the spirit of self-sacrifice enters, as it must, into the character of every one who deserves the name of hero, then where are we to turn for the most striking illustrations of this virtue? Where shall we find the most touching records of men who, with no earthly reward in prospect, with no anticipation of worldly honour, or glory, or gain, have trampled on every selfish thought, content to bear all that wrings the heart or wears down the frame; yea, to be brought face to face with death, that blessings may be secured to others by their heroic

self-offering and devotion? Not to the red scutcheon on which is emblazoned the name of the warrior; not to the monument of marble or brass where stands the form of the statesman; nor to the medallion engraven with the features of the poet or historian, however worthy they may be of a place in the great heart of a nation's love: but to the records of some noble missionary society, where we read of men who have cast aside the ties of country and kin, and have hastened to polar snows or to burning sands, that they might carry the tidings of salvation to the benighted and degraded of our race; not shrinking from death itself, but "hazarding their lives for the name of the Lord Jesus Christ." Are not a Brainerd, a Schwartz, a Williams,—all of them martyrs in spirit, and one of them in terrible reality,—deserving a niche in the temple of Fame, and should not their names have a place on the bead-roll which is consecrated to those who are benefactors of mankind?

And Martyn, who, though crowned with the highest honours a university could bestow, and distinguished by talents which attracted the admiration of one of our most celebrated seats of learning,—Martyn, who joyfully abandoned the shades of academic renown for distant lands and a burning clime, devoting every energy of mind and body to the service of the Cross,—shall we not venerate his memory, and give him a foremost place in our honour and regard? As we advance in his story it will be seen that he was endowed with a patience, a fortitude, a humility, a love, a zeal for the Divine glory and

the salvation of men, such as has not been often paralleled since the days that apostles trod the earth, and made manifest in every place the savour of the knowledge of Christ Jesus.

Henry Martyn was born in Truro, in the county of Cornwall, on the 18th of February, 1781. He was the third child of a numerous family, of whom two sons and two daughters survived their father. John Martyn, the father, was originally a man of humble life, having been a working miner in the mines of Gwennap, the place where he was born. He had, however, a large share of energy, mental as well as physical; and he took advantage of every period of relaxation from manual labour, and devoted it to the improvement of his mind. The miners used to work and rest alternately every four hours; and in the hours of rest he acquired a complete knowledge of arithmetic, and some acquaintance with mathematics. This diligence in self-culture obtained its reward. He rose gradually from a state of poverty to one of comparative comfort; and being admitted into the office of Mr. Daniel, a merchant at Truro, he lived there respected and esteemed by all his acquaintance. It was while he was chief clerk in this office that his son Henry was born, a child of a delicate nature, for he, as well as the other children, inherited the consumptive constitution of their mother.

When Henry was between seven and eight years of age, he was placed by his father at the Grammar School in the town, the master of which was the Rev. Cornelius

Cardew, a gentleman of learning and talent. Little is known of his childhood, and we have but a meagre account of his school-days. He was of a naturally gentle spirit, inferior to most of his companions in bodily strength, of good abilities, but of little application. "He did not fail," said Mr. Cardew, soon after the lad was placed under his care, "he did not fail to answer the expectations that had been formed of him; his proficiency in the classics exceeded that of most of his schoolfellows, yet there were boys who made a more rapid progress, not perhaps that their abilities were superior, but their application greater, for he was of a lively, cheerful temper, and, as I have been told by those who sat near him, appeared to be the idlest amongst them, and was frequently known to go up to his lesson with little or no preparation, as if he had learned it merely by intuition." Though of a lively and cheerful disposition, he kept much to himself, shunned the society of the other boys, seldom took part in their sports, and as a consequence was exposed to the ridicule and the tyranny of those older or stronger than himself. "Little Harry Martyn,"—the name by which he usually went—says one of his earliest friends and companions, "was in a manner proverbial among his schoolfellows for a peculiar tenderness and inoffensiveness of spirit, which exposed him to the ill offices of many overbearing boys; and as there was at times some peevishness of manner when attacked, he was often unkindly treated. That he might receive assistance in his lessons he was

placed near one of the upper boys, with whom he contracted a friendship which lasted through life, and whose imagination readily recalls the position in which he used to sit, the thankful expression of his affectionate countenance when he happened to be helped out of some difficulty, and a thousand little incidents of his boyish days." Besides assisting him in his studies, his friend, it is added, "had often the happiness of rescuing him from the grasp of oppressors, and has never seen more feeling gratitude than was shown by him on these occasions." It is evident that even as a boy he was not deficient in resoluteness of will, for before he reached his fifteenth year he was induced to offer himself as a candidate for a vacant scholarship at Corpus Christi College, Oxford. Though so young, and without any interest in the University, and with only a single letter to one of the tutors, he went there alone, and passed so good an examination that some of the examiners thought he ought to have been elected. In after years he acknowledged the hand of God in his failure. Had he succeeded in his wishes, the whole colour of his after life would have been changed, and his spiritual well-being hurt by his temporal success. He says as much in an account prefixed to his private journal some years afterwards. "Had I remained and become a member of the University at that time, as I should have done in case of success, the profligate acquaintance I had there would have introduced me to a scene of debauchery in which I must in all probability, from my extreme youth,

have sunk for ever." So he was saved from a sphere in which even he, with all his pure instincts and earnest aspirations, would have succumbed to what is base and degrading, and like too many others who in their youth have been exposed to the fires of temptation, he would have suffered his body to become the sepulchre of his soul. He was just at that time of life when the character is most susceptible of impressions for good or evil; and had it been corrupted by those whose great pleasure it is to make the innocent as vile as themselves, he might have been trammelled for years in the bondage of evil, and have gone down to a dishonoured tomb, wounded and slain by the sins of his youth.

On his failure to obtain the vacant scholarship, he returned home, and resumed his studies at Dr. Cardew's school. Here he remained till the June of 1797. The success achieved at college by the friend who had been his guide and protector at school, turned his thoughts to the University of Cambridge, where that friend had already entered and was winning much distinction. Hoping, no doubt, to profit still by his advice and assistance, he gave the preference to Cambridge over Oxford, and began his residence at St. John's College in the month of October, 1797.

His choice of universities did not arise from any taste for mathematics, for in the autumn before he went to Cambridge he spent a great part of his time with his gun and in reading books of travel and Lord Chesterfield's Letters, to the neglect of Euclid and algebra. How

little knowledge he had of the nature and methods of mathematics, may be gathered from the fact that he attempted to learn the propositions of Euclid by heart, confiding in a retentive memory, and hoping to become eventually the Senior Wrangler of his year.

The first years of Martyn's college life present nothing particular for comment. Happily for him the friend of his boyish days became the counsellor of his riper years. He alludes to this in his journal. "During the first term I was kept a good deal in idleness by some of my new acquaintances, but the kind attention of —— was a principal means of my preservation from excess." From the place that he obtained in the first class at the public examination of his college in December, it is evident that he gave some attention to his studies, and this early success, combined with his desire to gratify his father, encouraged him to increased application and diligence. He had the reward of this at another public examination in the summer, when he reached the second station in the first class, an honour "which flattered his pride not a little."

His college career was such as to command general approbation. He was outwardly moral, unwearied in his studies, and to the eye of the world his life was in the highest degree praiseworthy and estimable. He was ambitious of obtaining honour, and displayed signs of no ordinary talent. But whatever may have been the excellences and virtues of his character at this time, truthful as he was, upright, clear-headed, large-hearted,

he was still ignorant of spiritual things, and was living "without God in the world." One exception to the general amiability of his character was a certain irritability of temper which was natural to him, and which had been increased during his younger days by the tyranny and cruelty of his schoolfellows. A sudden gust of passion had on one occasion nearly brought the sin of blood-guiltiness on his soul. An acquaintance had in some way excited his anger, and Martyn, obeying the first impulse of his heated temper, snatched a knife and threw it at the offender, not knowing but that it might be buried in his heart. Mercifully he missed his aim, and the knife glancing past his friend was left quivering in the wall. Indeed, this was but one proof amongst many that his heart was far from God, and that he was living the ignoble life of a man whose thoughts and aspirations centred round self, and whose desires were bounded by the horizon of this world. His college friend, whose mind was bent upon righteousness, was fortunately at hand to remind him that God regards the motives of our actions, and to persuade him to attend to his studies from right principles, for the glory of God, and not for the praise of men. Besides having the great blessing of a Christian friend in the University, he had also the happiness of having a sister in Cornwall who possessed that "ornament of a meek and quiet spirit, which in the sight of God is of great price." She was of a very heavenly and affectionate mind, and often in the tenderest manner urged upon her brother the solemn

claims of God upon his love. He paid a visit to her and to the other members of his family in the summer of the year 1799, carrying with him no small degree of academical honour, though not to the extent that he had fondly expected. He not only lost the prize for themes in his college, but came out second instead of first at the public examination. "This double disappointment nettled him to the quick." His sister, more anxious for his highest interests than for his success in carrying off university honours, often spoke to him on the subject nearest her heart, and laid before him the claims of religion; but, as he acknowledges, "the sound of the gospel, conveyed in the admonitions of a sister, was grating to my ears." The result of her efforts was at this time anything but encouraging, and the love of the world prevailed over her tender exhortations and the whispers of the still small voice within. In after years he thus wrote of his state of mind during this summer vacation: "I do not remember a time in which the wickedness of my heart rose to a greater height than during my stay at home. The consummate selfishness and exquisite instability of my mind were displayed in rage, malice, and envy, in pride and vainglory, and contempt of all, in the harshest language to my sister, and even my father, if he happened to differ from my mind and will. Oh, what an example of patience and mildness was he! I love to think of his excellent qualities, and it is frequently the anguish of my heart that I ever could be base and wicked enough to

pain him by the slightest neglect. O my God and Father, why is not my heart doubly agonized at the remembrance of all my great transgressions against Thee ever since I have known Thee as such! I left my sister and father in October, and him I saw no more. I promised my sister that I would read the Bible for myself, but on being settled in college Newton engaged all my thoughts."

There now came a turning-point in his history. He was arrested in the midst of his thoughtless and ambitious career by an event in his family which came upon him with a crushing force. In the Christmas of 1794 he had passed a most successful examination. He was first among many competitors, and sent home the intelligence which filled his father's heart with joy. He heard in return that his father was delighted with his son's honours, and was in the highest spirits and the best of health. The following week brought another letter. It was in the handwriting of his brother. When he broke the seal he learnt that his father was dead. The sudden, the unexpected, the heartrending news overwhelmed him with sorrow. But the sorrow was unto salvation. He was "sowing in tears that he might reap in joy." Bitter thoughts of the last vacation he had spent at home, and the pain he had given his father, came flashing to his mind, and filled him with sad regrets and poignant grief. Never would he see his father more to ask forgiveness, or atone for past ingratitude by obedience in the future. It was too late. That door was shut for ever. Besides all this, thoughts of the world beyond the

grave forced themselves on his mind, and would not be stilled. He, as well as his father, must pass through "the valley of the shadow of death." His spirits were affected. He became troubled and downcast. He lost his pleasure in his old studies, and had no heart to pursue them. He took up his Bible, thinking that the consideration of religion was suitable to a time so solemn; and though other books were often allowed to engage his attention, yet on the advice of his friend he made this season of deep conviction of sin one also of serious reflection. He began his study of the Bible with the Acts of the Apostles, as being the most interesting part of the Bible, and was insensibly led on to inquire more diligently into the doctrines of the apostles. With the reading of the Bible he began also to use a precomposed form of prayer, in which he thanked God in general terms for having sent Christ into the world. But though he prayed for pardon, he had little sense of his own sinfulness, and indeed was so self-satisfied that he began to consider himself a religious man. The first time he went to the college chapel he was struck by the expressions of joy which occur in the "Magnificat" at the coming of a Saviour. These had fallen on a listless and inattentive ear before. While he was in this mood, his friend lent him Doddridge's "Rise and Progress of Religion in the Soul." The opening part of the book he disliked, because he thought it made religion consist too much in humiliation, and his proud heart could not bear to be brought down to the dust.

Soon after Henry had been called to pass through the furnace of affliction, the public exercises began in the University; and although the loss of his father had taken away the great incentive to exertion, he again devoted himself to his mathematical studies with unwearied perseverance. His name stood first upon the list at the college examination in the summer of the year 1800. He announced his success in a letter to his sister, which from its whole tone must have filled her heart with joy. "What a blessing it is for me that I have such a sister as you, my dear ——, who have been so instrumental in keeping me in the right way." . . "How I rejoice to find that we disagreed only about words! I did not doubt, as you suppose, at all about that joy which true believers feel. Can there be any one subject, any one source of cheerfulness and joy, at all to be compared with the heavenly serenity and comfort which such a person must find in holding communion with his God and Saviour in prayer, in addressing God as his Father; and more than all in the transporting hope of being preserved unto everlasting life, and of singing praises to his Redeemer when time shall be no more! Oh, I do indeed feel this state of mind at times; but at other times I feel quite humbled at finding myself so cold and hard-hearted." . . . "With respect to the dealings of the Almighty with me, you have heard in general the chief of my account; as I am brought to a sense of things gradually, there is nothing peculiarly striking in it to particularize. After the death

of our father, you know I was extremely low-spirited, and, like most other people, began to consider seriously, without any particular determination, that invisible world to which he was gone, and to which I must one day go. Yet still I read the Bible unenlightened, and said a prayer or two, rather through terror of a superior power than from any other cause. Soon, however, I began to attend more diligently to the words of our Saviour in the New Testament, and to devour them with delight. When the offers of mercy and forgiveness were made so freely, I supplicated to be made partaker of the covenant of grace, with eagerness and hope; and thanks be to the ever-blessed Trinity for not leaving me without comfort. Throughout the whole, however, even when the light of Divine truth was beginning to dawn on my mind, I was not under the great terror of future punishment which I see plainly I had every reason to feel. I look back now upon that course of wickedness which, like a gulf of destruction, yawned to swallow me up, with a trembling delight, mixed with shame at having lived so long in ignorance and error and blindness. I could say more, my dear ——, but I have no more room. I have only to express my acquiescence in *most* of your opinions, and to join with you in gratitude to God for His mercies to us. May He preserve you, and me, and all of us to the day of the Lord!"

How cheering must such a letter have been to such a sister in her season of deep affliction! How happy for Martyn himself that he could thus freely make known

the workings of his heart to a relative so wise and affectionate, and who had drunk so deeply into the spirit of Christ. At this time he also began to attend the ministry of that eminent man of God, the Rev. Charles Simeon, Vicar of Trinity Church, Cambridge; and under his valuable teaching he "gradually acquired," to use his own words, "more knowledge in Divine things."

Before the close of his academical career Martyn attained the eminence on which from his first entrance into college his ambition had been fixed. He had toiled with such unflagging diligence, in the hope of reaching this place of distinguished merit, that he was known in his college as "the man that had not lost an hour." His ambition and industry were rewarded, and before he completed his 20th year the highest honour the University can bestow was conferred upon the youthful student, and he came out as Senior Wrangler, in the January of 1801. There was that year an unusually large number of able competitors, and no doubt he amongst the others felt anxious about the issue, but the recollection of a sermon which he had lately heard calmed and composed his mind. The text was,—"Seekest thou great things for thyself? Seek them not, saith the Lord." Entering with the full and free exercise of his powers into the examination, his decided superiority in mathematics was soon made evident. Yet in the very hour of successful ambition, he felt how utterly incompetent is anything earthly to satisfy the wants of the soul. There is a sense of dissatisfaction underlying

the highest of earthly distinctions. The curse of barrenness is upon them all. There are yearnings in the human heart which the husks of the world cannot meet and fulfil. What were the feelings of the successful candidate on the occasion? "I obtained my highest wishes, but was surprised to find I had grasped a shadow." The confession of Kirke White to an intimate friend after a similar triumph at Cambridge, may be well placed side by side with that of Henry Martyn. "Were I to paint," he says, "a picture of Fame crowning a distinguished undergraduate, after the Senate House examination, I would represent her as concealing a Death's head under a mask of beauty." Poor White fell an early victim to his consuming thirst for academic distinction. He entered the arena of competition with the seeds of death already sown in his frame through protracted hours of study, and found in the place to which he so long looked forward with hope, "only a hot-bed to ripen them."

Having finished his undergraduate course, Henry Martyn went down in the month of March to Cornwall, where, amidst the congratulations of all his friends, his youngest sister was alone dejected, because she did not see in him that progress in the Divine life which she had been fondly led to anticipate. Tremblingly alive as she was to his highest interests, she longed for his more thorough dedication to God, and his more entire consecration to the service of Christ. She urged upon his heart and upon his conscience the solemn sanctions of the gospel,

and prayed him to "forget the things that were behind, and to reach forth unto those things that were before."

He returned to Cambridge in the summer of the same year, and spent the long vacation most profitably; and being constrained to be much alone, he employed his solitary hours in meditation with himself, and in communion with God. He now experienced "a real pleasure in religion," being more deeply "convinced of sin than before, more earnest in fleeing to Jesus for refuge, and more desirous for the renewal of his nature." It was during this vacation that he became personally known to Mr. Simeon, with whom he henceforth enjoyed the most friendly intercourse, and for whom he entertained the most grateful, reverential, and filial regard. On all important occasions he sought his counsel, and received in return the most fatherly advice and encouragement. Through Mr. Simeon's kindness he was introduced to several young men of Christian principles, with whom he formed a lasting friendship; and through Mr. Simeon's influence his mind was turned to the transcendent privileges of the gospel ministry. Up to this time he had determined to apply himself to the study of the law, "chiefly," as he confesses, "because he could not consent to be poor for Christ's sake;" but now he resolved to take holy orders, and to become an ambassador for Christ.

His steady advance in the Christian life is seen from his correspondence with his sister, and with his earliest friend, the whole tone of his letters proving that his

"affections," were "set on things above." He mentions in a letter to his sister an incident which shows the firmness and boldness of his confession of Christ before men. "I have lately," he writes, "been witness to a scene of distress. —— in this town, with whom I have been little acquainted, and who had lived to the full extent of his income, is now dying, and his family will be left perfectly destitute. I called yesterday to know whether he was still alive, and found his wife in a greater agony than you can conceive. She was wringing her hands, and crying out to me, 'Oh pray for his soul;' and then again recollecting her own helpless condition, and telling me of her wretchedness in being turned out upon the wide world without house or home. It was in vain to point to heaven—the heart distracted and overwhelmed with worldly sorrow finds it hard to look to God. Since writing this, I have been to call on the daughters of ——, who had removed to another house, because from the violence of their grief they incommoded the sick man. Thither I went to meet them, with my head and heart full of the subject I was come upon. I was surprised to find them cheerful, and thunderstruck to see a gownsman reading a play to them. A play, when their father was lying in the agonies of death! What a species of consolation! I rebuked so sharply, and, I am afraid, so intemperately, that a quarrel will perhaps ensue."

His fears were groundless, and his plain speaking was honoured of God. It made a deep impression on the

young gownsman. He not only thanked Martyn for his faithfulness, but he became an altered man, and in after years they both laboured in India together in the furtherance of the kingdom of their common Master and Redeemer.

CHAPTER II.

CAMBRIDGE.

[1802—5.]

BEFORE Martyn finished his academical career, he won fresh honours. In the March of 1802 he was chosen Fellow of St. John's, and very shortly afterwards he was awarded the first prize for the best Latin prose composition, "a distinction the more remarkable," says his biographer, "as from his entrance into the University he had directed an unceasing and almost undivided attention to mathematics. But the honour which cometh from man now occupied but a secondary place in his mind, and he made rapid attainments in grace, and in the knowledge of our Lord Jesus Christ."

Having gained honour after honour he left Cambridge for a visit to his relatives in Cornwall, making a walking tour through Wenlock, Liverpool, and the Vale of Llangollen. He kept a journal of his tour, which, though briefly and hastily written, shows that God was in all his thoughts, and evinces great spirituality of mind. When he reached his home he spent many delightful days in the bosom of his family. The affection of his friends; the happy intercourse with his sister on the things dearest

to his heart; his hours of private devotion; his daily study of the Word of God, all contributed to his enjoyment. These days left for a long time "a fragrancy upon his mind, and the remembrance of them was sweet."

In the beginning of October, 1802, the romantic scenery of Cornwall; the tranquillity of Woodbury, where his brother-in-law resided; the sacred retirement and the agreeable intercourse with friends, were exchanged for the more arduous engagements of university life.

The close of this year was a remarkable one in Martyn's history. He had already dedicated himself to the ministry of the gospel; but now he was to give new proofs of his eminent devotion, and fresh evidences of his faith and love. The call to what was to be his life-work was now heard and obeyed. He was one day in the company of Mr. Simeon, when that good man made some remarks on the untold benefits which had resulted from the services of a single missionary. The missionary alluded to was Dr. Carey, in whose heart the love of Christ burned strong and brightly, and who went forth in the strength of God to Hindostan, that he might assail the mightiest stronghold of idolatry ever framed by the great adversary of souls. Martyn's attention was at once arrested; the vast importance of the missionary cause flashed upon his mind, and his soul was stirred to its depths at the thought of the perishing millions who were without God, without Christ, and without hope in the world.

Soon after this he read the life of David Brainerd, who, having laboured with remarkable success amongst the North American Indians, died at the early age of thirty-two, rejoicing with a "joy unspeakable, and full of glory." Martyn was much struck with Brainerd's biography, and, filled with a holy emulation, resolved to follow the noble example of a man who "jeoparded his life unto the death on the high places" of the mission field. The determination was made in no light or empty spirit. He had a heart warmly attached to home, and friends, and country. He loved the refined enjoyments of social and literary life. He knew the extent of the sacrifice he was called upon to make, and the trials he must undergo. He was no quixotic enthusiast, no wild adventurer; but he sat down and counted the cost, and was enabled to relinquish much that made life sweet and home dear, that he might, like the brave apostle of old, "preach amongst the Gentiles the unsearchable riches of Christ." So he resolved to sever home associations; to abandon the attractions of a brilliant career in England, and the companionship of attached friends, and to go forth to a foreign land, to toil amongst the ignorant and degraded, and to lead a life of comparative isolation, and void of sympathy and affection. But as he weighed the gain and the loss, he threw into the latter scale the glory of the Saviour which might be promoted through his devotion to such a cause, and the imperishable interests of immortal souls, and the plain command of the Master: "Go ye, and teach all nations, baptizing them in the

name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost." The hour of decision was one of extreme anguish, and at times the struggle amounted to agony. But as he was influenced by the highest motives, he chose the thorny path of self-denial to the easier one of self-indulgence, and he offered himself as a missionary to the "Society for Missions to Africa and the East"—now known under the name of "The Church Missionary Society,"—a noble society and a great, and one largely owned of God in making the moral "wildernesses glad," and the spiritual "deserts" to "rejoice and blossom as the rose."

His letters to his youngest sister written after he had taken this decided step, show with what varied feelings he anticipated the sacrifices he must make, and the difficulties he might encounter. "The dejection I sometimes labour under seems not to arise from doubts of my acceptance with God, though it tends to produce them; nor from desponding views of my own backwardness in the Divine life, for I am more prone to self-dependence and conceit; but from the prospect of *the difficulties I have to encounter in the whole of my future life.* The thought that I must be unceasingly employed in the same kind of work amongst poor ignorant people, is what my proud spirit revolts at. To be obliged to submit to a thousand uncomfortable things that must happen to me, whether as a minister or a missionary, is what the flesh cannot endure." We find the following account of the state of his mind at this time, his internal struggles,

and his sore and agonizing conflict. "I was under disquiet at the prospect of my future work, encompassed with difficulties; but I trusted I was under the guidance of Infinite wisdom, and on that I could rest. ——, who had returned from a mission, observed that the crosses to be endured were far greater than can be conceived; "but none of these things move me, neither count I my life dear unto me so that I might finish my course with joy." . . . "Had some disheartening thoughts at night, at the prospect of being stripped of every earthly comfort; but who is it that maketh my comforts to be a source of enjoyment? Cannot the same make cold, and hunger, and nakedness, and peril to be a train of ministering angels conducting me to glory?" "Oh my soul, compare thyself with St. Paul, and with the example and precepts of the Lord Jesus Christ. Was it not His meat and drink to do the will of His Heavenly Father?" Again he writes: "Finished the account of Dr. Vanderkemp, and longed to be sent to China. But I may reasonably doubt the reality of every gracious affection: they are so like the morning cloud, and transient as the early dew. If I had the true love of souls, I should long and labour for those around me, and afterwards for the conversion of the heathen."

His journals betray a mind full of self-abasement, and somewhat morbidly introspective, yet with the highest aspirations after holiness and God. He had great tenderness of conscience, and though no saint or sinner can

be lowly enough in his own eyes, yet he was too much disposed to self-accusation and condemnation, and to "write bitter things" of his spiritual condition. His friends saw a grace in his character of which he was unconscious. As with Moses when he left the mount of God, "the glory of his face was visible to every one but himself."

In Ely Cathedral, in the October of 1803, Henry Martyn was ordained as deacon to Mr. Simeon's curacy. He was deeply impressed with the responsibility of his ordination vows, and would have been overwhelmed by the weight of his charge had he not leaned on the strength of Him who, before He returned to the bosom of the Father, left the promise to His disciples, "Lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world." That which was the comfort of Polycarp as a bishop was his consolation as a deacon,—that "he who was constituted *overseer* of the church was himself *overlooked* by Jesus Christ, that in the discharge of his office as pastor of the flock, he was under the gracious superintendence of that great and good Shepherd who had laid down His life for the sheep."

The zeal for God so apparent in his character, and which raised him above that natural timidity which would have restrained him from rebuking others, was at this time conspicuously displayed. Seeing with pain and sorrow one of the candidates for ordination careless and unconcerned on an occasion so sacred, he admonished him, though a stranger, privately on the subject. How

he, who was so impressed by the solemnity of his ordination vows, would offer the rebuke which he felt called to administer, may be readily conceived. Reproof was to him a duty of insuperable difficulty; "but," said he, "the way to know when to address men and when to abstain *is to love.*" He resolved "not to reprove others except he experienced at the time a peculiar contrition of spirit where he could conscientiously be silent."

His pastoral duties in the Church of the Holy Trinity, Cambridge, were combined with the charge of the parish of Lolworth, a small village at no great distance from the University. There it was, on the Sunday after his ordination, that he preached his first sermon from the words: "If a man die, shall he live again? All the days of my appointed time will I wait, till my change come." On the Sunday following he preached again at the same place; and when the service was ended, and he was on his way back to Cambridge, an incident occurred, which must have made an abiding impression on his mind. "An old man, who had been one of his hearers, walked by the side of his horse for a considerable time, warning him to reflect that if any souls perished through his neglect, their blood would be required at his hand. He exhorted him to show his hearers that they were perishing sinners; to be much engaged in secret prayer; and to labour after an entire departure from himself to Christ."

On November 10th, he preached for the first time at Trinity Church to a numerous and attentive congre-

gation from the Saviour's words to the woman of Samaria: "If thou knewest the gift of God, and who it is that saith unto thee, Give me to drink; thou wouldest have asked of Him, and He would have given thee living water." The fervour of his spirit, and the earnestness of his manner deeply impressed the congregation, who felt that it was given him, by the grace of God,

> "To preach as one who ne'er should preach again,
> And as a dying man to dying men."

And this was the usual style of his preaching; and whether he spoke to the learned and refined, or to the poor and ignorant,—whether the congregation was large or small, he spoke as one who had a message to them from God, and whose heart thrilled under the consideration that both he and they must shortly stand before the judgment-seat of Christ.

"The burdens and difficulties of his sacred employments," his biographer tells us, "lay heavily at first on his mind, and considerably depressed his spirits;" "but he endeavoured," he writes, in a letter to his earliest friend, "to keep in view the unreasonableness of his discontent (who was a brand plucked out of the fire), and the glorious blessedness of the ministerial work." In addition to the duties which had now become his peculiar care and delight, and in which he was ever "steadfast and unmovable," an office of another kind devolved on him towards the close of the year 1803. He became one of the public examiners in his college;

and he entered upon his new duties in the same Christian spirit that characterized all his actions, ever obeying the apostolic injunction, "Whatsoever ye do in word or deed, do all in the name of the Lord Jesus." His journals at this period of his life show how watchful he was over himself; how earnest in prayer; how holy in aim; and how bent on the great duty of "pressing toward the mark for the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus." "As the hart panteth after the water-brooks," so did his soul pant after the living God.

In the early part of the year 1804, Martyn's expectations of becoming a missionary seemed on the point of being disappointed through the loss of all his property, a loss all the more trying because his youngest sister was involved in the same trial. Independently of his own pecuniary resources being thus cut off, he doubted whether it were justifiable to leave his sister in a distress which his presence in England might alleviate or remove. Undecided as to what he ought to do, he left Cambridge for London at the end of June, in order to consult some of his friends and obtain their advice.

It had for some time appeared desirable to those who took a lively interest in himself and his work, that he should be appointed to an Indian chaplaincy under the East India Company. His friends thought him to be peculiarly fitted for such a post, and the unexpected change which had taken place in his circumstances made them more anxious if possible than before to secure for him such an appointment. They were not

without hopes that the Mission Church at Calcutta might be placed under his pastoral superintendence. At first there were insuperable difficulties to this arrangement, and "a veil was cast over his future proceedings." Unable to see as yet the leadings of God's providence, he returned to Cambridge to resume his ministry there with singleness of eye and fervour of spirit, but with an anxious and heavy heart. He gave himself unweariedly to his Master's service, preaching, praying, warning the wicked, exhorting the careless, edifying the believer; visiting the poor, the afflicted, and the dying; passing many an hour in the hospital or almshouse; thus doing the work of an evangelist, and making it his meat and drink to do his Heavenly Father's will.

> "His care was fixed
> To fill his od'rous lamp with deeds of light,
> And hope that reaps not shame."

Nor was his labour in vain in the Lord. God blessed the word through his mouth, and he was made instrumental in "opening the blind eye, and turning men from darkness unto light, and from the power of Satan unto God." Much of his pleasure rose out of the happy privilege of being an ambassador for Christ. "At church this morning," he says," "my heart was overflowing with love and joy. During the sermon, which was an exhortation to diligence, a sense of my unprofitableness depressed me. But in my ride to Lolworth, I enjoyed much delight; every breeze seemed to breathe love into

my heart; and while I surveyed the landscape, I looked forward to the day when all nations should come to the mountain of the Lord's house."

The duties of a public examiner in St. John's were now, in the month of June, for the second time consigned to Mr. Martyn; the subjects for examination being one from the classics, the other, "Locke's Treatise on the Understanding." It soon became evident that his wishes would be crowned with success, and that he would be appointed to a chaplaincy in the service of the East India Company. He had become acquainted with Mr. Grant and some other good men then on the Board of Directors; and anxious as they were that the gospel should be carried to Hindostan, they gladly sent him the intelligence of his appointment, informing him at the same time that he was to leave England in the spring. In the long vacation he visited Cornwall, never expecting to see it again; and, bound as he was to his native place by the ties of family and friendship, three months flew quickly by in sweet intercourse with those so dear. He had other ties to Cornwall than those connected with his own family, if not closer, yet of a tenderer and stronger kind. He had formed an attachment for one of whom his biographer says: "Less ought not, and more cannot be said, than that she was worthy of him;" an attachment which, whether he thought, as he afterwards did, that it should be encouraged, or as he now did from peculiar circumstances, that it ought to be repressed, equally exhibits him as a man of God, whose

affections were set on things above, and not on things on the earth.

He was very anxious on this his last visit to Cornwall, and the first since his ordination, to testify the grace of God by proclaiming the reality of those truths which were the stay of his own soul, and whose worth he desired to make known to others. But there was a great prejudice in those days against evangelical doctrines; they were regarded as something new and strange, and associated with an ill-regulated and enthusiastic mind; and the only churches open to him were the two under his brother-in-law's charge. In these pulpits he preached frequently; and here both his sisters heard him,—the younger with great delight, and the elder with every appearance of having been deeply impressed by his sermons. "I found," said he, "that she had been deeply affected, and from her conversation I received great satisfaction. In the evening I walked by the water side till late, having my heart full of praise to God for having given me such hopes of my sister."

The churches where he preached were crowded with eager hearers; the common people flocked there in numbers, and heard him gladly. At Kenwyn the church was so full that many could get no nearer than the doors, and many were compelled to go away. This exceeding popularity humbled rather than exalted him. So watchful was he over self, and so tender was his conscience, that "their commendation occasioned him some pain," inasmuch as "they tended to fan the flame of vanity."

He felt that praise was a severer test of his Christian principles than blame. He had entered into the meaning of the wise man's words, "As the fining pot for silver, and the furnace for gold, so is man to his praise." Private prayer and Divine meditation were his refuges against the temptation of human applause.

At length, having withstood in Cornwall, as he had done in Cambridge, the arguments of those who would have detained him in England, he prepared to say farewell to his native country, and to those dear to him, and set out on his return to Cambridge to await the summons to sail. He felt the approaching separation from his friends as a man of his pure and sensitive nature would feel so great a trial. There was a sharp struggle at his heart, and sorrow such as they feel whose spirit is overwhelmed by bitter and painful partings. He had formed, as we have said, a very deep and fervent attachment to a lady in Cornwall. There was a difference of opinion among his friends respecting the propriety of his marriage, and his own mind often had a severe conflict on the point. At times he seemed to think voluntary celibacy the more noble and glorious life, at others his heart strongly urged him to a union with one so fitted to be his helpmeet in the work which lay before him. There may have been something of weakness and indecision in this struggle, but we are writing, not of an angel, but of a man; one of like passions with ourselves, and compassed about with like infirmity. When at length it was decided he should go out single

even if afterwards he might ask Miss Grenfell to join him in India,—and she before his departure made no objection to this latter arrangement,—his entries in his journal betray how deeply he felt the separation. One of these shall be given farther on.

He saw her no more after his departure from England, and in consequence of the disappointment a darkness fell upon his life, out of the shadow of which he never entirely passed. But we must touch this episode of his life with a gentle hand. There are certain feelings of the heart over which it is becoming to throw the delicate veil of silence.

> "Not easily to be forgiven
> Are those who, setting aside the doors that bar
> The secret bridal chambers of the heart,
> Let in the day."

Martyn felt his trial all the more acutely inasmuch as he was one who yearned after the sympathy and society of his fellows, and shrank sensitively from the loneliness of a solitary life. But any hesitation was overcome by the constraining motives of love and duty. "Shall I hesitate," says he, "to pass my days in constant solitude, who am but 'a brand plucked from the burning'?"

When Martyn left Cornwall, he went to Plymouth, where he passed a Sunday in heavenly serenity of spirit, and in the full exercise of that faith which is "the substance of things hoped for, and the evidence of things not seen." Here he preached twice, and he tells us how his soul longed for the eternal world, and he could

see nothing on earth for which he would wish to live another hour.

From Plymouth he proceeded to London, and on the 18th of September we find him again quietly settled at Cambridge. His chief happiness centred in his pastoral work; in visiting his flock; in preaching publicly, and from house to house, "the glorious gospel of the blessed God." With untiring diligence he went about his Master's business, and was "instant in season and out of season" in furthering the redeeming work of the Cross.

The year 1804 closed with his being for the third time selected as one of the examiners of St. John's; and on its last day we find him rejoicing at the lapse of time, but sorrowing at its unprofitableness. "So closes," he remarks, "the easy part of my life: enriched by every earthly comfort, and caressed by friends, I may scarcely be said to have experienced trouble; but now farewell ease, if I might presume to conjecture. O Lord, into Thy hands I commend my spirit! Thou hast redeemed me, Thou God of truth; may I be saved by Thy grace, and be sanctified to do Thy will now, and to all eternity, through Jesus Christ."

Towards the end of January, 1805, he received a sudden summons to leave England in ten days. He would have complied with it at once had he been in priest's orders, which he could not take in accordance with law until the 18th February, when he would complete his 24th year. It was in the month of March

that he was admitted to the office of a presbyter in St. James' Chapel, London, after which he received the degree of Bachelor of Divinity, conferred upon him by mandate from the University. Nothing now remained to detain him at Cambridge; and on the 3rd of April, after a farewell sermon in Trinity Church, Martyn quitted for ever the place which had been "the dear abode of his youth," which his talents had adorned, and where he had obtained both honour and reputation.

During the two months that he remained in London, he devoted himself to the study of Hindustani, in order to qualify himself for the duties of an Indian missionary. He also preached frequently for his friends, chiefly occupying the pulpit of St. John's Chapel, Bedford Row, then under the care of the Rev. Richard Cecil, from whose example and advice he derived a lasting advantage. He had likewise the great pleasure of making the acquaintance of the venerable John Newton, who, expecting soon to "enter the joy of his Lord," rejoiced, before he put off his earthly tabernacle, to encourage his young friend in the discharge of that embassy of love on which he was about to go forth. It was at St. John's that he preached his farewell sermon from the words, "And now, brethren, I commend you to God, and to the word of His grace, which is able to build you up, and to give you an inheritance among them that are sanctified."

So ended his ministrations in England; and with many mingled feelings he prepared for his voyage to

India, a much more formidable thing in that day than it is now, occupying considerably more time, and attended with greater risks.

We shall bring this chapter to a close with a few extracts from his journal. And it is well, as we read them, to bear in mind that these revelations of the inner man were not written for the public eye, but were simply the daily record of his own feelings and struggles as between himself and God. He does not "wear his heart upon his sleeve for daws to peck at." There is nothing in these "cardiphonia," these heart-voices, of what is known as cant, professions of a humiliation and a conflict which he does not feel. They are sacred; they are private, penned only for his own eye; and when we read them we are looking at the man, not as he wished to appear before others, but as he appeared to himself.

April 27th. "My constant unprofitableness seemed to bar my approach to God. But I considered that for all that was past the blood of Christ would atone, and that for the future God would that moment give me grace to perform my duty."

May 9th. "O my soul, when wilt thou live consistently? When shall I walk steadily with God? When shall I hold heaven constantly in view? How time glides away; how is death approaching; how soon must I give up my account; how are souls perishing; how does their blood call out to us to labour, to watch, and to pray for them that remain."

May 16th. "I went down with Captain M—— to

Deptford. Passing through an inn which was close to the water's side I came at once, to my great surprise, close to the Indiaman before I was aware of it. The sudden sight of the water and of the ship affected me almost to tears. My emotions were mixed,—partly of joy, and partly of trembling apprehension, at my now being so soon to go away."

June 7th. "I have not felt such heartrending pain since I parted with —— in Cornwall. But the Lord brought me to consider the folly and wickedness of all this. I could not help saying: 'Go, Hindoos; go on still in your misery: let Satan still rule over you; for he that was appointed to labour among you is consulting his ease.' No, thought I, hell and earth shall never keep me back from my work. I am cast down, but not destroyed. I began to consider why I was so uneasy. 'Cast thy care upon Him, for He careth for you.' 'In everything by prayer and supplication, with thanksgiving, let your requests be made known to God.' These promises were sweetly fulfilled before long to me."

June 8th. "My heart was sometimes ready to break with agony. At other times I was visited by a few moments of sublime and enraptured joy. Such is the conflict. Why have my friends mentioned this subject? It has torn open old wounds, and I am again bleeding."

June 15th. "Shed tears to-night at the thoughts of my departure. I thought of the roaring seas which would soon be rolling between me and all that is dear to me on earth."

July 4th. "Mr. Cecil showed me a letter in Schwartz's own handwriting. Its contents were of a very experimental nature, applicable to my case. The life of faith in Jesus is what I want. My soul may almost burst with astonishment at her own wickedness; but at the same time trusting to mercy, rise and go, and try to make men happy. The Lord go with me! 'Let my right hand forget her cunning, if I remember not Jerusalem above my chief joy.'"

CHAPTER III.

MARTYN SAILS FOR INDIA.

[1805–6.]

IN the July of 1805, Henry Martyn sailed from Portsmouth in *The Union* East Indiaman, in company with a large fleet under the command of Captain Byng. Two days after sailing the ship came to anchor in the port of Falmouth, where she was detained for upwards of three weeks. An extract from a letter written from this place to Mr. Simeon, vividly depicts his feelings when, rising in the morning of the 17th, the day on which he sailed, he found that his voyage was really begun. "It was a very painful moment to me when I awoke in the morning after you left us, and found the fleet actually sailing down the Channel. Though it was what I had anxiously been looking forward to so long, yet the consideration of being parted for ever from my friends, almost overcame me. My feelings were those of a man who should suddenly be told that every friend he had in the world was dead. It was only by prayer for them that I could be comforted; and this was indeed a refreshment to my soul,

because, by meeting them at the throne of grace, I seemed again to be in their society."

The arrival of the fleet at Falmouth was a great surprise to Martyn; it was with mingled feelings that he acknowledged "the singularity of the providence of God in leading him once more into the bosom of all his friends." We learn from his journals that delightful as it was to him to be once more among the scenes where he had spent his youth, he would have felt happier had a storm in the night hurried him past the shores of the Cornwall that he loved so well. True, he was able once more to enjoy the society of dear friends before he bade them farewell for ever; but the pleasure, great as it was, was more than counterbalanced by the pangs of another separation. For Martyn was of a peculiarly sensitive temperament; he had a highly wrought mind, tender, delicate, very susceptible, easily dejected, and feeling keenly the pleasures or the pains of the passing hour.

While he was detained at Falmouth, he preached several times in the ship as well as on shore; and one sermon, whose subject was the missionary cause, produced a powerful effect on the congregation. The audience saw before them a man, whose aspirations and affections proved that "the kingdom of God was not in word but in power."

On the 10th of September the signal was given for the fleet to sail; and as he was at the time in the country, about twenty miles distant from Falmouth, he had to

make an effort to reach the *Union* before she quitted the harbour. The summons came unexpectedly. "At nine in the morning," he says, "I was sitting at ease with the person dearest to me upon earth, intending to go out with her afterwards to see different views, to visit some persons with her, and preach on the morrow; four hours only elapsed, and I was under sail from England."

The anxiety he felt to reach the ship before she sailed, and his joy in finding that he was in time, banished for the moment all other considerations; but when the excitement passed there came the reaction, and his spirits flagged. He had parted with the woman whom he loved, and when he went on board, it was with the melancholy certainty of never beholding her again. It was little wonder that the death of his earthly hopes should call forth many a burst of passionate grief, and that he needed all the strength of Divine consolation to alleviate his sorrow. There needs no apology for these keen feelings on Henry Martyn's part. The Christian is not the mediæval saint: pale, emaciated, worn ascetic, who crushes down his physical as well as mental frame; but one who remembers that all human feelings have been sanctified by the Saviour, and who believes in the sacredness of all natural affections. He whose first miracle was performed at a marriage feast has taught us that the true holiness of life is not in the separation of its natural enjoyments from religion, but in consecrating all its acts to the glory of God.

For the greater part of the day that he sailed, and on the following day, the ship was in sight of Cornwall, and every object on the receding shore,—hamlet, and wood, and headland, reminded him of scenes linked for ever with his fondest memories, and of pleasures gone never to return. Very touching are the entries in his journals which record his feelings at this period of his life.

*Sunday, August 11th.** "I rose dejected and extremely weak in body. After simply crying to God for mercy and assistance, I preached on Hebrews xi. 16: 'But now they desire a better country, that is, an heavenly: wherefore God is not ashamed to be called their God: for He hath prepared for them a city.' On repeating the text a second time I could scarcely refrain from bursting into tears, for the Mount, and St. Hilary spire, and trees, were just discernible by the naked eye at the time. I began my sermon by saying, that now the shores of England were receding fast from our view, and that we had taken a long,—many of us an everlasting farewell. We had made little way during the night, and so in the morning I was pleased to find we were in Mount's Bay, midway between the Land's End and the Lizard; and I was often with my glass recalling those beloved scenes, till after tea, when, ascending the poop, I found they had disappeared; but this did not prevent my praying for all on shore. Amidst the extreme gloom of my mind this day, I found great pleasure, at seasons

* *Note.*—Should not this date be September—not August?

of prayer, in interceding earnestly for my beloved friends all over England."

We see in these the dejection of a man who lived in sympathy. The very intensity of his affections made the solitariness of his friendless position more painful. He craved for human help, the kind look, the encouraging word, the warm grasp of the hand; and though surrounded by many faces, he missed what he yearned for, and felt an utter loneliness of soul. He writes again: "England has disappeared, and with it all my peace. The pains of memory were all I felt. Would I go back? Oh no! But how can I be supported? My faith fails. I find by experience I am weak as water. O my dear friends in England, when we spoke with exultation of the mission to the heathen, whilst in the midst of health and joy and hope, what an imperfect idea did we form of the sufferings by which it must be accomplished." But his feelings were not always of this plaintive cast. He was often able to rise above the sorrows of time, and to rejoice in the glory to be revealed.

On the 14th September the fleet anchored in the Cove of Cork; and while here he would fain have been allowed to preach in one of the pulpits of the city, and to address the convicts going out with the fleet to Botany Bay. His wishes in both cases were unfulfilled. He regularly read prayers on board the *Union*, and preached every Sunday, but the captain would not permit him to have more than the one service, much

to his disappointment and vexation. But being thus thwarted in his wishes, he felt that his influence in the ship depended upon his private ministrations, and he went almost daily between decks, and there, gathering together all who were willing, he read some religious book, commenting upon it as he went on. He had many discouragements in these efforts for his Master. "Some attend fixedly; others are looking another way; some women are employed about their children, attending for a little while, and then heedless; some rising up and going away,—others taking their place; and numbers, especially of those who have been upon watch, strewed all along the deck fast asleep,—one or two from the upper decks looking down and listening."

Nor was the state of things at the Sunday service much more encouraging. His patience was sorely tried, and his meekness put to a severe test. "The passengers were inattentive; the officers, many of them, sat drinking, so that he could overhear their noise; and the captain was with them." "How melancholy and humiliating is this mode of public ordinances on ship-board, compared with the respect and joy with which the multitudes come up to hear my brethren ashore: but this prepares me for preaching among the heedless Gentiles."

On the 30th September, after a fortnight's detention in the Cove of Cork, the fleet, consisting of fifty transports, five men of war, and the Indiaman, put to sea; and again we find him a sufferer both in mind and body. He became languid and feverish; his nights were passed

without sleep, and his mental conflict was extremely severe. "My anguish at times," he says, "was inexpressible, when I awoke from my disturbed dreams, to find myself actually on my way, with a long sea rolling between me and all I held dear in this life. To describe the variety of perplexing, heart-rending, agonizing thoughts which passed through my mind, and which, united with the weakness and languor of my body, served to depress me into the depths of misery, would be impossible. The bodily sufferings would be nothing, did not Satan improve his advantage in representing the happiness and ease of the life I had left."

Soon after the fleet had left the Irish coast, it was overtaken by a terrific storm; but during a night of general anxiety and alarm, Martyn's mind was kept in perfect peace. In the morning, when the vessel was going under bare poles, the sea, covered with so thick a mist from the spray and rain that nothing could be seen but the top of the nearest waves, which seemed to be running over the windward side of the ship, he seized the opportunity of pointing out the way of salvation to many who appeared much terrified; and most willingly, had circumstances permitted, would he have preached to the whole ship's company, warning them to "flee from the wrath to come, and to lay hold on eternal life." The next Sunday he used the form for thanksgiving after a storm. The voyage hitherto had been very wearisome. Seven tedious weeks had passed, and the fleet had proceeded no farther than the latitude of

the Lizard. A favourable wind now bore the ships on their ocean way, and about the end of September they reached Madeira.

Though the time had seemed long since he left Falmouth, yet he did a good work on board: ever watchful for opportunities of pressing the claims of God on all with whom he came in contact. He also improved the days as they dragged their slow length along. He studied Hindustani; read Milner's Church History; Hooker's Sermons; Baxter's Works, and the Pilgrim's Progress. He writes from Funchal to a near relative at Falmouth: "Yesterday morning we came to an anchor at this place. The craggy mountains at the foot of which Funchal is situate, make a most grand and picturesque appearance. On entering the town I was struck with the conviction of being in a foreign country. Everything was different,—the houses, even the poorest, all regular and stately, everywhere groves of orange and lemon trees; the countenances, and dress, and manners of the people different to those I had been used to; black-skirted Catholic priests and nun-like women, with beads and a crucifix, passing in all directions. How would St. Paul have sighed in passing through this town, wholly given up to idolatry! I went to the great church, where they were performing high mass, and was perfectly dazzled with the golden splendour of the place. But all the external aids of devotion lost their usual effect upon me while I contemplated the endless multitude of mountebank tricks the priests were exhibiting. Is it

possible, thought I, this should be a Christian church? There was no appearance of attention, except in one poor African woman, who was crossing herself repeatedly with the utmost expression of contrition in her countenance. "Perhaps," said I to her in my mind, "we shall meet in heaven."

After a stay of four days at Funchal the fleet put to sea, the army having been told beforehand that their object was the capture of the Cape of Good Hope, then in the occupation of the Dutch, who had espoused the cause of the French, and taken part against us in the war. The possibility of a battle only quickened Martyn to greater earnestness, and he was constantly visiting that part of the ship's crew who were so shortly to be exposed to the perils of warfare. "I entreated them even with tears," said he, "out of fervent love for their souls, and I could have poured away my life to have persuaded them to return to God." He was at this time very deeply impressed by the following sentence in Milner's Church History: "To believe, to suffer, and to love, was the primitive state." He tells us that "no uninspired sentence ever affected him so much." "It was, in fact," as his biographer says, "an epitome of his own life, conversation, and spirit: a lively exemplification of which is to be found in the manner in which, during this part of the voyage, he strove against an extreme and oppressive languor of body, which tended to impede his present labours, and threatened to impair his future efficiency."

A voyage of little more than five weeks brought the

fleet from Porto Santo to St. Salvador, in South America. The voyage was not without its risks, for soon after crossing the line on the 30th October, the *Union* passed in the night within a very short distance of a dangerous reef of rocks, which proved destruction to two other vessels. The reef lay exactly across the track of the *Union*, and had not the second mate been on the watch, they would inevitably have been wrecked. Fragments of the ships that were broken on the reef came floating past them, and those who had been thrown on the rocks were holding out signals of distress. Happily all were saved, with the exception of three officers, one of whom lost his life in the attempt to secure a large sum of money. Leaving the vessel too soon, he sank to rise no more; and it was thought that he became a prey to the sharks which in great numbers surrounded the ship. For Martyn's part he had nothing but the most fervent gratitude to God for His guardian care. On landing at St. Salvador, he was much struck with the beauty of the coast and the romantic scenery. All save the spirit of man was Divine. The population was Roman Catholic, and evidences of superstition met his eye on every hand. "I walked up the hill in order to get into the country, and observed a man standing by the wayside, holding out for the people's salvation a silver embossed piece of plate of a small oval size, and repeating some words about St. Antonio. Some kissed it, others took off their hats; but the man himself seemed to ridicule their folly." He here made the acquaintance of a young man who

had been educated in a Portuguese university, and from whom he received much kindness and hospitality. This was Joseph Antonio Corrè. He was anxious to hear about Cambridge, and gave Martyn a general invitation to his house. Martyn had a good deal of conversation with Antonio, and his father, Senor Domingo, and some priests, on England, and the errors of the Romish Church. The father was so trammelled by the prejudices of education that no argument, though drawn from the Scriptures, made any impression; and though the son professed that he had nothing to do with saints in secret, but worshipped God alone, Martyn regarded the profession as proceeding from "a liberal rather than religious mind." Whatever Antonio's private opinions might be, he conformed in public to the superstitious practices of the Romish Church. When a procession of priests passed by, carrying the sacrament to the house of a person who was dying, father and son both knelt, and continued kneeling until the procession went by. Senor Antonio said that he "conformed to the custom of the country in trifles." "I thought," says Martyn, "of Naaman and his god Rimmon. I did not, however, think it right to push the matter too suddenly, but told him in general how the English Reformers were led to prison and to flames, rather than conform, and that if I was born a Portuguese, I would rather be imprisoned and burnt than conform to idolatry." He had many conversations with others on the errors of the Church of Rome; for the gross superstition which met him on all

sides troubled his pure spirit, and filled it with such infinite pain that, he longed to bring all into the clear light of the gospel. He had met with great kindness at St. Salvador, and on parting carried away many a thankful recollection.

November 23rd. "In the afternoon took leave of my kind friends Senor and Senora Corrè. They and the rest came out to the garden-gate, and continued looking till the winding of the road hid me from their sight; the poor slave Raymond, who had attended me, and carried my things, burst into a flood of tears as we left the door; and when I parted from him he was going to kiss my feet, but I shook hands with him, much affected with such extraordinary kindness in people to whom I have been a total stranger till within a few days. What shall I render unto the Lord for all His mercies? I have been with my friend Antonio as a wayfaring man that tarrieth but for a night, yet hath the Lord put it into his heart to send me on after a goodly sort. And now we prosecute our voyage; a few more passages, and I shall find myself in the scene of my ministry; a few more changes and journeys, and I am in eternity."

The fleet was on the waters again, and as the time drew near when the soldiers would be engaged on the battle-field, Martyn's anxiety for their spiritual welfare increased; and he set apart a day for fasting, humiliation and intercession for them, as well as for all who were in the ship. He had other claims on his attention. The ship's company became unhealthy, the crew suffering from dysentery; and Martyn was to be found at the

beds of the sick, ministering assiduously to their temporal needs and spiritual comfort. He himself had an attack of the disorder, but his illness was but of short duration; and as soon as his health permitted, he was again at his post, praying beside the hammocks of the dying. The captain of the ship fell ill, attacked by disease of a different kind, and his sickness shortly proved fatal. To him also Martyn was a minister of mercy and consolation.

After a few weeks, on the 2nd of January, 1806, and while Martyn was commending his flock to God in prayer, the high lands of the Cape became visible at eighty miles distance; and on the next day the fleet came to anchor, and the signal was given to land. The Indiaman being ordered to get under weigh, and the men of war drawn up close to the shore, a landing was effected. Soon after seven the next day, "a most tremendous fire of artillery began behind a mountain abreast of the ships. It seemed as if the mountain itself was torn by intestine convulsions. The smoke rose from a lower eminence on the right of the hill; and on the top of it troops were seen marching down the further declivity. Then came such a long-drawn fire of musketry that I could not conceive anything like it. We all shuddered at considering what a multitude of souls must be passing into eternity. The poor ladies were in a dreadful condition, every peal seemed to go through their hearts. I have just been endeavouring to do what I can to keep up their spirits. The sun

is now retiring, and the enemy are seen retreating along the low ground on the right towards the town."

Martyn went on shore as soon as possible, in the hope of being useful to the wounded on the battle-field. In a letter to Mr. Simeon, he tells something of what he endured while engaged in his work of love and mercy. He dates his letter from the *Union*, Table Bay, January 7th, 1806: "I embraced the opportunity of getting to the wounded men soon after my landing. A party of the Company's troops were ordered to repair to the field of battle, to bring away the wounded, under the command of Major ——, whom I knew. By his persuasion I attached myself to them, and marched six miles over a soft burning sand, till we reached the fatal spot. We found several but slightly hurt; and these we left for a while, after seeing their wounds dressed by a surgeon. A little onward were three, mortally wounded. One of these, on being asked where he was struck, opened his shirt, and showed a wound in his left breast. The blood that he was spitting showed that he had been shot through the lungs. As I spread a great coat over him by the surgeon's desire, who passed on without attempting to save him, I spoke of the blessed gospel, and besought him to look to Jesus Christ for salvation. He was impressed, but could not speak; and I was obliged to leave him, in order to reach the troops, from whom the officers, out of regard to my safety, would not allow me to be separated. Amongst several others, some wounded and some dead,

was Captain ——, who was shot by a rifleman. We all stopped to gaze for a while in pensive silence over his pale body; and then passed on to witness more proofs of the sin and misery of fallen man. Descending into the plain, where the main body of each army had met, I saw some of the 59th, one of whom, a corporal, who sometimes had sung with us, told me that none of the 59th were killed, and none of the officers wounded. Some farm-houses which had been in the rear of the enemy's army, had been converted into an hospital for the wounded, whom they were bringing from all quarters. The surgeon told me that there were already in the houses two hundred, some of whom were Dutch. A more ghastly spectacle than that which presented itself here, I could not have conceived. They were ranged without and within the houses in rows, covered with gore. Indeed, it was the blood, which they had not had time to wash off, that made their appearance more dreadful than the reality; for few of their wounds were mortal. The confusion was very great; and sentries and officers were so intent on their duty that I had no fit opportunity of speaking to any of them but a Dutch captain, with whom I had conversed in French. After this I walked out again with the surgeon to the field, and saw several of the enemy's wounded. A Hottentot, who had his thigh broken by a ball, was lying in extreme agony, biting the dust, calling down horrid imprecations in English upon the Dutch. I told him he ought to pray for his enemies; and after telling the

poor wretched man of the gospel, I begged him to pray to Jesus Christ. But our conversation was soon interrupted; for in the absence of the surgeon, who was gone back for his instruments, a Highland soldier came up and challenged me with the words: 'Who are you?' 'An Englishman.' 'No,' said he; 'you are French,' and began to present his piece. As I saw that he was rather intoxicated, and did not know but that he might actually fire out of mere wantonness, I sprang up towards him, and told him if he doubted my word, he might take me as his prisoner to the English camp; but that I certainly was an English clergyman. This pacified him, and he behaved with great respect. The surgeon, on examining the wound, said the man must die, and so left him. At length I found an opportunity of returning, as I much wished, in order to recover from distraction of mind, and give free scope to reflection. I lay down on the border of a clump of shrubs or bushes, with the field of battle in my view, and there lifted up my soul to God."

This letter shows us the heroism of the man, and how he was willing to hazard his life, if he might only whisper in the ears of the wounded and the dying the story of Christ's mercy and love. After spending a day on the field of battle, he marched back in the evening with the troop to Table Bay. "The surf on the shore was very high," he writes, "but through mercy we escaped that danger. But when we came to our ship's station, we found she was gone, having got under weigh some hours

before. The sea ran high. Our men were almost spent, and I was very faint from hunger; but after a long struggle we reached our Indiaman about midnight."

On the 10th of January, the thunder of a gun was heard, which was answered on the instant by all the men of war. On looking out for the cause, the British flag was seen flying on the Dutch fort, and the Cape of Good Hope passed into the possession of the English crown.

It had been Martyn's great desire, the moment he arrived at Cape Town, to meet Dr. Vanderkemp, one of the most distinguished missionaries of the London Missionary Society. After a little delay his wishes were gratified, and he found him standing outside of his house, silently looking up at the stars. A great number of black people were sitting around. On making himself known, Dr. Vanderkemp led him in, and called for his fellow-labourer, Mr. Read; and his heart overflowed with joy and gratitude in making the acquaintance of two such devoted servants of God.

January 14th. "Continued walking with Mr. Read till late. He gave me a variety of curious information respecting the mission. He told me of his marvellous success amongst the heathen, how he had heard them among the bushes pouring out their hearts to God. At all this 'my soul did magnify the Lord, and my spirit rejoiced in God my Saviour.'

"Walked with brother Read, and was so charmed with his spiritual behaviour, that I fancied myself in company

with David Brainerd. Sat at night in the open air, with the Table Mountains before me, and endeavoured to meditate on Isaiah xi. 2. I went to a church lately built for the instruction of slaves. There were about one hundred such from fifty different families. A black who was employed in lighting the candles was pointed out to me as one who was to go as a missionary to Madagascar. Walking home I asked Dr. Vanderkemp if he had ever repented of his undertaking. 'No,' said the old man, 'and I would not exchange my work for a kingdom.'"

At length Martyn had to part from these newly found but dear friends, knit as they were together in the bonds of a common faith, and he was again on his voyage to the scene of his labours. He suffered now, as he did before, from the tediousness of the passage, and from sickness and languor. But whether he was tossed on the Atlantic Ocean, or becalmed on the Indian Sea, whether he suffered from illness, or was enfeebled by lassitude, he received all with meekness and resignation, as the special appointment of God.

His pastoral assiduity was again called into exercise by the unhealthy state of the ship's company. When Martyn was able to leave his own bed he was found by the beds of the sick, ministering to their temporal and spiritual wants, and pointing the eye of faith to Him who came "that we might have life, and might have it more abundantly." And now, as before, this exhibition of a fine Christian philanthropy was given amid much to damp its ardour and check its sympathies; for he met

with violent and increasing opposition from many of the more intelligent of the passengers, and a discouraging indifference from others. We can well believe that a spirit so sensitive as his, and yearning after the sympathy of his fellows, felt the scorn and the insult, and was wounded by the contempt and disdain; but none of these things moved him, and he set his face like a flint to the discharge of his arduous duties. The love of God cast out the fear of man. It made him frank and fearless, and careless of personal consequences. It gave him the hero's heart and the martyr's spirit. It enabled him to take up words into his lips more impassioned, and grander than any uttered by the noblest poet on earth; the words of another great soul, spoken under the inspiration of a mighty and all-conquering affection: "We are troubled on every side, yet not distressed; perplexed, but not in despair; persecuted, but not forsaken; cast down, but not destroyed." His whole heart filled with that enthusiasm which is born of faith in Christ, he walked along that path which his Master hallowed, "being conformed unto the likeness of His death," knowing "the fellowship of His sufferings," and devoted to His cause.

Falling in with the trade winds, the fleet made quick progress towards India, and the breezes wafted him day by day nearer to "the haven where he would be." On the 19th of April, Ceylon came in sight, and Martyn describes the long range of hills running north and south, and though not lofty broken in a picturesque manner with lowlands between the hills and sea, covered

with trees. While "the spicy breezes, blowing soft from Ceylon's Isle," brought a soothing and refreshing fragrance to his senses, his mind was filled with delightful anticipations. He thought of the time when the name of Jesus should be "as ointment poured forth" in temples raised by Cingalese amidst their cinnamon groves, and when prayers should ascend to heaven like clouds of incense through the merits of the Redeemer.

On the Sunday following, expecting it would be his last on board, he addressed the ship's company in a farewell discourse. It might have been supposed that an occasion so solemn would have restrained any attempt at ridicule or scorn; but it was not so, and they who reviled him at first continued to revile him to the last. "It pained me," he says, "that they should give a ridiculous turn to anything on so affecting an occasion as parting for ever in this life. But such is the unthankful office of a minister. Yet I desire to take the ridicule of men with all meekness and charity, looking forward to another world for approbation and reward." We have here the very mind of Christ, the spirit of Him whose cross he had taken, and who "when He was reviled, reviled not again; when He suffered He threatened not, but committed Himself to Him who judgeth righteously."

At length, after a wearisome voyage of nine months from the date of his leaving Portsmouth, he saw the land which he had so ardently longed to behold, and on the 21st of April "his eyes were gratified with the sight of India."

April 22nd. "At sunrise we anchored in Madras roads Several Doobashees, or interpreters, came on board, dressed in white muslin. I went ashore in one of the country boats, made very high in order to weather the surf, with the boards throughout sewed together very coarsely with straw, and the interstices filled with it. On the shore I was surrounded by an immense crowd of Coolies; I suppose two hundred, who caught up one box after another, and were going off in different directions, so that I was obliged to run instantly and stop them; and having with some difficulty got my things together, I went to the Custom House, attended by four Coolies, a Doobashee, an umbrella carrier, and a boy or waiting man, all of whom attached themselves to me, without at all consulting me on the occasion.

"Nothing as yet struck me as remarkable in the country, for the novelty of it had been anticipated in what I had seen at St. Salvador. The number of black people was immense, and the crowd of servants so great, that one would suppose they thought themselves made for the service of the English. The elegance of their manner I was much taken with; but in general one thought naturally occurred, the conversion of their poor souls. I felt a solemn sort of melancholy at the sight of such multitudes of idolators. While the turbaned Asiatics waited upon us at dinner, about a dozen of them, I could not help feeling as if we had got into their places. But now that I am actually treading Indian ground, let me bless and adore my own God

for doing so much for me; and oh, if I live, let me have come hither for some purpose."

The first Sunday in India he spent at Madras, and after preaching in the morning, he went after dinner to the chapel where Mr. Lovelace officiated. "I sat," he says, "in the air at the door, enjoying the blessed sound of the gospel on an Indian shore, and joining with much comfort in the song of Divine praise."

After a short detention at Madras, the fleet sailed for the Hooghly, and again while at sea he suffered greatly from langour and debility. "Exertion seemed to him like death,—indeed, absolutely impossible." He was aroused by seeing the great pagoda of Juggernaut rising from the shores, and his heart was filled with the deepest compassion for the wretched children of India who had erected such a monument of her shame on the coast, and whose heathenism stared the stranger in his face. When Juggernaut was left behind, the fleet was overtaken by a terrific hurricane, such as is often experienced in those latitudes; and in an instant every sail of the *Union* was torn to pieces. The ship ran before the gale, the tempest lulled, and the mouth of the Hooghly was reached in safety. But here again they were met by a still more formidable danger. On the 13th May the *Union* struck on a sand-bank near the Diamond harbour, where her situation was full of peril, for the night came on, and the wind increased. The captain looked upon the vessel as lost, and all the passengers were in the deepest alarm. Martyn

retired for prayer, and so was kept in peace. After being in danger for two hours, the ship unexpectedly floated into deep waters, and reached Calcutta to the joy of all on board.

From this city Martyn wrote to a dear friend: "My long and wearisome voyage is concluded, and I am at last arrived in the country where I am to spend my days in the work of the Lord. Scarcely can I believe myself to be so happy as to be actually in India; yet this hath God wrought. Through changing climates and tempestuous seas, He hath brought on His feeble worm to the field of action, and will, I trust, speedily equip me for my work. I am now very far from you all, and as often as I look round and view the Indian scenery, I sigh to think of the distance that separates us. Time, indeed, and reflection have, under God, contributed to make the separation less painful; yet still my thoughts recur with increasing fondness to former friendship, and make the duty of intercession for you a happy privilege. Day and night I do not cease to pray for you, and I am willing to hope that you too remember me daily at the throne of grace. Let us not by any means forget one another, nor lose sight of the day of our next meeting. We have little to do with the business of this world. Place and time have not that importance in our views that they have in those of others; and therefore neither change of situation, nor lapse of years, should weaken our Christian attachments. I see it to be my business to fulfil,

as a hireling, my day; and then to leave the world. Amen. We shall meet in happier regions. I believe that those connections and comforts and friendships I have heretofore so desired, though they are the sweetest earthly blessings, are earthly still."

CHAPTER IV.

INDIA.

[1806–8.]

IT may not be out of place if we make a few remarks on the first missions to India. It is said—and there is no reason to question the correctness of the tradition—that the apostle who was permitted to put his hands into the sacred wounds of the Saviour's body, was the first who brought the knowledge of Christ to the ignorant Hindoos. Tradition marks the spot—hence called St. Thomas' Mount—on which the apostle who once doubted the resurrection of Jesus suffered martyrdom in his Master's cause. When the Portuguese, in the early part of the 16th century, first established themselves on the coast of Malabar, they found a community called Syriac, or St. Thomé, Christians, because descended from the converts of the apostle, whose church was episcopal in its constitution, and who, though surrounded by the darkness of Hindoo superstition and idolatry, faithfully though feebly preserved the light of heavenly truth for more than 1,500 years. The Portuguese, on their arrival, sent forth teachers of the Roman Catholic faith to various parts

of the country, who, leaving caste untouched, slightly modifying image worship, and confirming many of the superstitious observances of the heathen, received into the Church all, of whatever character, who would submit to be baptized. For a time their efforts succeeded, and the number of converts was large; but their success was but of limited duration. When the Roman Catholic missions were in their decline, Frederick IV., king of Denmark, established a missionary station at Tranquebar, which town had been ceded to the Danish crown by the Rajah of Tanjore.

In the early part of the eighteenth century, the venerable "Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge" undertook the sole support of a mission at Madras, and had the honour of sending forth a Schwartz to convey to the East that glorious gospel, whose words, when applied by the Spirit of God, can create life under the ribs of death, and make men "wise unto salvation through faith which is in Christ Jesus." But as yet the Church of England had no systematic organization for direct missionary work amongst the millions who inhabited the peninsula of India. At length the time came when she awoke to a sense of her responsibilities and duties. Towards the close of the last century, a few clergymen met in a small room in the heart of London for the object of mutual edification. They had often assembled in the same place for purposes of devotion and profit; but on this occasion a more than usual interest might be observed in their whole demeanour. What was the

reason of this? It was the year in which Bonaparte, in his attempt to conquer Syria, crossed the desert from Cairo with 10,000 men, and taking Gaza, and storming Jaffa, butchered all the prisoners there in cold blood, and carried everything before him, until he was checked in his career before the walls of St. Jean d'Acre. It was also a year in which the groans borne across the sea from Africa and the West Indies grew hoarser and deeper, and the terrible cry of oppression that rose to the ear of God from the victims of the accursed trade in slaves began to make itself heard through the country, and called forth the sympathy and compassion of many a philanthropic heart. But neither the thrilling events which were taking place in the East, nor the cries of the enslaved rising from our colonies—though they had been stirred by the story of the one and sighed over the wail of the other—occupied the thoughts, on the day referred to, of the handful of parish priests met in that humble chamber. They were consulting how they might rouse the great heart of England to undertake the noble work of evangelizing the world. India and Africa, with their teeming multitudes, lay close to their hearts, and formed the topic of their conversation. They resolved, in the strength of God, to do all that was in their power to send the gospel to the millions who knew nothing of the one true God, and had never heard the name of Christ. God's blessing rested on their work of faith and labour of love. He had already

prepared some of England's legislators to listen to an appeal for direct missionary work amongst the heathen in Africa and the East. Of these there was one who had seen India for himself, and mourned over its abominations; another, whose birth and family connected him with the merchant princes of this country, and who longed for the diffusion of Christianity throughout the globe; a third, who, filled with "the enthusiasm of humanity," had learned to live for others, and who had received from God's hands the interests of wronged and outraged Africa. To these men, and a few others, was entrusted the honour of forming the Church Missionary Society,—a society which has grown year by year, which has swelled from an insignificant rill to a mighty river whose waters, carrying with them life and healing, have fertilized and gladdened many a parched and thirsty land.

It was once said, and with too much truth, that were British rule in India to become, in the changes brought about by the providence of God, a fact of history to-morrow, no visible impress of our faith would be left over whole provinces and kingdoms; nothing would remain to show that Englishmen fought beneath the banner of the Cross, and remembered the God of battles in the victories which He Himself vouchsafed. But this can be said no more. There are now not only noble cathedrals, and commodious churches—many a mission station, with its peaceful sanctuary and busy schools; but there are imperishable memorials of Christian work

and Christian success; waste places turned into the garden of the Lord; moral wildernesses rejoicing and blooming as the rose; souls, the purchase of the Saviour's Cross, "delivered from the bondage of corruption, into the glorious liberty of the children of God." Temples made with hands perish and decay, structures of man's designing, the noblest and grandest, may be swept away by the tornado of popular tumult, but these spiritual trophies are more durable than dynasties and thrones—outlive time, and are coeval with eternity itself. It was that he might win bloodless and immortal victories, that he might open the blind eye, turn men "from darkness to light," and from the power of Satan unto God," that Henry Martyn engaged in the high enterprise to which he had devoted himself with singular self-renunciation; consecrating his clear intellect, his simple faith, his burning zeal to the glory of God in the salvation of the lost.

Martyn came to India borne on the wings of prayer. "For many years," says his biographer, "supplications had incessantly ascended up to heaven from Christians in India, for the spiritual prosperity of that benighted land; and for a considerable time a stated weekly meeting had been held at Calcutta, on the recommendation of Dr. Buchanan and Mr. Barnes, for the express purpose of beseeching the Lord to send forth labourers into those "fields which were white unto the harvest." One of these, Dr. Buchanan, a name dear to all who admire zeal, integrity, liberality, and an entire consecration of

high talents in the cause of Christian philanthropy, was now about to commence his researches into the state of religion amongst the Syrian Christians; and the ship which conveyed him on that interesting errand left the mouth of the Hooghly as the *Union* entered it. To him, doubtless, the sight of Mr. Martyn would have seemed an answer to prayer, demanding the warmest thanksgiving; the voice of a Christian missionary would have been sweeter in his ears than those sounds which he afterwards heard in Travancore, from the bells amongst the hills, and which reminded him of another country."

Martyn was received with all the warmth of Christian affection at Aldeen, near Calcutta, by the Rev. David Brown, who fitted up for his residence a pagoda where he could enjoy as much retirement as he desired. The pagoda was near Mr. Brown's house, and on the borders of the river, and its chambers often re-echoed the voice of prayer and the song of praise. It was a matter of much rejoicing to Martyn that "the place where once devils were worshipped was now become a Christian oratory." While here he had a serious attack of fever, and during his illness he was overtaken by a very common temptation—the temptation to take some satisfaction in his own righteousness, and to look to it as a qualification to give him confidence in God. It was a wile of the great adversary, who takes advantage of seasons of weakness to try us with his fiercest assaults. He that tempted Job when he was bowed with sorrow, and Jesus when He was faint with hunger, now tempted

Martyn when he was worn out with sickness and exhaustion. He sought to withdraw his eyes from Christ, and to fix them on himself, so clouding over his faith, and darkening his joy. No wonder that whilst he was wrestling with the Prince of darkness, and with the frailty of his own heart, he could write of himself in these terms: "I could derive no comfort from reflecting on my past life. Indeed, exactly in proportion as I looked for evidences of grace, I lost that brokenness of spirit I wished to retain, and could not lie with simplicity at the foot of the Cross. I really thought that I was departing this life. I began to pray as on the verge of eternity, and the Lord was pleased to break my hard heart. I lay in tears interceding for the unfortunate natives of this country; thinking with myself that the most despicable Soodar of India was of as much value in the sight of God as the king of Great Britain."

After his recovery, the current of his days flowed on pleasantly and sweetly, brightened by the pleasures of friendly society and the communion of saints. So happily did time pass, that Martyn, with his usual watchfulness over self, began to fear lest after such enjoyment among friends, he should be less fitted for the solitude and hardships of the life he had chosen. Calcutta was a place so manifestly suited to his peculiar gifts that his friends were earnest in their solicitations that he should continue in a sphere where his ministry was so likely to be useful. But Dr. Buchanan truly said of him in his "Christian Researches," that he had a spirit to follow

the steps of Brainerd and Schwartz; and to be prevented from going to the heathen, Martyn himself remarked on this occasion, "would almost have broken his heart." He saw enough of the cruel rites and debasing idolatries of heathenism at Aldeen, to fill him with the utmost compassion for those who were "perishing for lack of knowledge." Seeing one day the blaze of a funeral pile, he hastened to the spot whence the flames arose, to rescue a poor woman from the fire, but she was burned to ashes before he could reach the place. He used to hear the sounds of cymbals and drums rising from a dark wood near Serampore, calling the natives to their devil-worship; and he frequently saw the natives prostrating themselves before a black idol which stood in one of their pagodas, a sight which overwhelmed him with pity and horror, and he "shivered," he tells us, "as standing as it were in the neighbourhood of hell." Such scenes might have had weight in inducing him to listen to the wishes of his friends to remain at Calcutta; but as they took place near to a city from which many a holy man of God had gone out to the wretched slaves of superstition, crying, "Why do ye such things?" he felt that he was called to places where there was no one to point the idolater to "the Lamb of God which taketh away the sin of the world."

During his stay at Aldeen he vigorously studied Hindustani, availing himself of the assistance of a Brahmin from Cashmere, whom he wearied with his untiring assiduity. He also preached often to his

countrymen, both in the Mission Church, and at the New Church in Calcutta. His faithful statement of the gospel was offensive to many of his hearers, and unpalatable even to some of his brother clergymen, who attacked him from the pulpit, and denounced his doctrines as "inconsistent, extravagant, absurd." He had the pain of sometimes being present while these attacks were made, and to hear himself described as "knowing neither what he said, nor whereof he affirmed, and as speaking only to gratify self-sufficiency, pride, and uncharitableness." His behaviour under such indecent attacks, so lacking in the spirit of the Christian or the gentleman, and which in these days would be impossible, was worthy a disciple of Christ. "I rejoiced," he said, "to receive the sacrament of the Lord's Supper afterwards, as the solemnities of that blessed ordinance sweetly tended to soothe any asperity of mind; and I think that I administered the cup to —— and —— with sincere goodwill. There was one honourable exception to the way in which his brethren in the ministry at Calcutta received the preaching of the gospel in all its fulness and faithfulness through his lips. One of the chaplains, perceiving that the doctrines of the Church of England were becoming a matter of warm and general controversy, adopted the admirable plan of simply reading the Homilies to the congregation, thus leaving the Church authoritatively to speak for herself, and giving all classes an opportunity of deciding what views were most in harmony with her Scriptural formu-

laries—those of Mr. Martyn or those of his antagonists. "Mr.——," he says, "to the great satisfaction of all serious people, began to read a Homily by way of sermon; after stating the diversity of opinion which had lately prevailed in the pulpit." And again, "at the New Church I read, and Mr.—— preached the second and third parts of the Homily on salvation." "The very clear exhibition of Divine truth which was thus presented was very rejoicing to our hearts."

On the 13th of September Martyn received his appointment to Dinapore; and though his friends entreated him to remain at Calcutta, and offered him the old Mission Church built by Kiernander—one of the missionaries of the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge, and the salary of a chaplain, and a house besides, he was deaf to all such proposals, for his heart was fixed on preaching amongst the heathen "the unsearchable riches of Christ."

At the beginning of October he prepared to leave the family of his true Christian friend, the Rev. David Brown, and to set out for his new home; but before his departure, he was permitted, to his great joy, to welcome two more fellow-labourers from England, who, in imitation of his self-denying example, had turned their backs on their native land. "I went down," he says in his journal, "to Calcutta, where we had the happiness of meeting our dear brethren. I rode out with them in the evening, and passed most of the time conversing about European friends." And when he afterwards

heard one of them, Mr. Corrie, preach, he thus expresses himself: "God be praised for another witness to His truth. Oh may abundant grace and gifts rest on my beloved brother, that the works of God may show themselves forth in him."

Shortly before he left Aldeen, several of his friends assembled in his pagoda to commend him to God, and to implore a blessing on his labours. The fact of such a meeting being held in what had been an idol-temple seemed to be an omen for good, and to hold in it the germ of all that he hoped for as regarded idolatrous India. "My soul," he said, "never yet had such Divine enjoyment. I felt a desire to break from the body, and join the high praises of the saints above. May I go 'in the strength of this' many days. Amen."

On the 15th of October, after taking leave of the Church at Calcutta in a farewell sermon, and of his friends at Aldeen at their morning family worship, he entered his budgerow,—a travelling boat constructed like a pleasure-barge—which was to convey him up the Ganges to Dinapore. His brethren, Mr. Brown, Mr. Corrie, and Mr. Parsons, accompanied him in his voyage up the river; and as Mr. Marshman, one of the Baptist missionaries, saw them pass by the Mission House, he joined the party, and after going a little way, left them with prayer. The day after, the weather becoming tempestuous, his friends sadly and reluctantly left him to pursue his voyage alone. It was a trying position, and one which his sensitive spirit felt keenly. "I was

left alone," he writes in his journal, "for the first time with none but natives. The wind and rain became so violent that the men let the budgerow stay upon the shore the whole day, which in consequence of beating on the ground, leaked so much that the men were obliged to be in my cabin to bale her. Read with moonshee one of the tracts which he had himself translated from the Bengalee into verse. Perceiving him to be alarmed at the violence of the waves beating against the boat, I began to talk to him about religion. He began by saying, 'May God be our Protector.' This was a favourable beginning. The hurricane abated before midnight, through mercy."

The voyage up the Ganges occupied several weeks, from seventeen to twenty miles a day being the greatest distance a large budgerow can be towed against the stream, during the fair season. During this time he studied Hindustani and Sanscrit,—read with his moonshee; and landing from time to time got into conversation with the natives of the villages where the boat stopped for the night. In one village he discovered the worshippers of Cali by the sound of their drums and cymbals; and the Brahmin having invited him to walk within the railing, he did so, and asked a few questions about the idol. "The Brahmin, who spoke bad Hindustani, disputed with great heat, and his tongue ran faster than I could follow, and the people, who were about one hundred, shouted applause. But I continued to ask my questions without making any remarks upon the answers. I asked,

among other things, whether what I had heard of Vishnu and Brahma was true; which he confirmed. I forbore to press him with the consequences which he seemed to feel, and so I told him what was my belief. The man grew quite wild, and said it was *chula bat* (good words) and asked me seriously at last what I thought—"Was idol-worship true or false?" I felt it a matter of thankfulness that I could make known the truth of God, though but a stammerer, and that I had declared it in the presence of the devil; and this also I learnt, that the power of gentleness is irresistible. I never was more astonished than at the change of deportment in the hot-headed Brahmin. Read the Sanscrit grammar till bed-time."

Then follows another interesting extract from his journal. "Came-to on the eastern bank below a village called Ahgadeep. Wherever I walked the women fled at the sight of me. Some men were sitting under the shed dedicated to their goddess, and a lamp was burning in her place. A conversation soon began; but there was no one who could speak Hindustani, so all I could say was by the medium of my Mussulman Musalchee. They said that they only did as others did, and, if they were wrong, then all Bengal was wrong. I felt love for their souls, and longed for utterance to declare unto those poor simple people the holy gospel. I think that when my mouth is opened, I shall preach to them day and night. I feel that they are my brethren in the flesh, precisely on a level with myself."

We see from these passages how this missionary of the Cross, animated by the very spirit of his Master, "forgetting the things that were behind, was reaching forth to those that were before," and was content to be estranged from all his old associations, and to live amongst the benighted and degraded, "if by any means he might save some." Indeed, his journals at this time reveal a mind filled with an ardour for the salvation of souls akin to his who, as the tears fell hot on the page, wrote thus: "Many walk of whom I have told you often, and now tell you even weeping, that they are the enemies of the Cross of Christ,"—a mind in liveliest sympathy with His who, when He had reached the brow of Olivet on His return to Jerusalem, wept over the city, saying, "If thou hadst known, even thou, at least in this thy day, the things that belong unto thy peace! but now they are hid from thine eyes."

He arrived in the afternoon of the 26th of November at Dinapore, but did not immediately go on shore. As this was to be his permanent residence for some time, he began at once to reflect how he could best work for God. Three especial objects engaged his attention,—to acquire such a facility in speaking Hindustani as should enable him to preach in that language; to establish native schools; and to prepare translations of the Scriptures and religious tracts for circulation. During his voyage up the Ganges he had employed himself in translating the Parables, accompanied by remarks on these beautiful stories of Christ. He knew enough

of Hindustani to translate with grammatical accuracy; and he had his moonshee at hand to suggest the proper idiom, and what in that language is said to be so difficult,—the just and exact allocation of the words in the sentences. Martyn represents the difficulties to be overcome in acquiring the languages of the country to be very great. Passing from the province of Bengal into that of Bahar, he found that he must learn the Baharee as well as the Hindustani; and the Baharee had its various dialects. The people of India are divided into thirty-five different states, and speak thirty different languages; and though there is a close affinity between these tongues, yet a book in the dialect of one district is unintelligible to the inhabitants of another. These, and many other difficulties which lay in the way of his work, could not fail of weighing oppressively on his mind; and had he not sought and found a refuge in omnipotent strength, he would have been overwhelmed with despair.

In what spirit he entered into the duties that now pressed upon him, may be seen in his account of the work of a single day. As the best method of gaining a knowledge of the various Oriental tongues, the study of Sanscrit was recommended to him by his pundit, and to this study the extract which follows has reference. "Morning with pundit, in Sanscrit. In the afternoon, hearing a parable in the Bahar dialect. Continued till late at night in writing on the Parables. My soul much impressed with the immeasurable importance of

my work, and the wickedness and cruelty of wasting a moment when so many nations are, as it were, waiting till I do my work. Felt eager for the morning to come again that I might resume my work."

His study of Sanscrit was rendered less agreeable than it might have been by the objections of his moonshee and pundit,—the one Mussulman, and the other Brahmin. Their observations often presented a strange and affecting display of ignorance and intolerance. "Upon showing," he says, "the moonshee the first part of John iii., he instantly caught at those words of our Lord, in which He first describes Himself as having come down from heaven, and then calls Himself the Son of man which is in heaven. He said this was what the philosophers called 'nickal,' or impossible, even for God to make a thing to be in two different places at the same time." Martyn explained to him how the difficulty attending the incarnation lay not so much in conceiving how the Son of man could be at the same time in two different places, as in comprehending that union of the two natures in Him which made this possible. He told him that the union could not be explained, but that the wisdom and the mercy of God was manifested in thus accomplishing the redemption of a guilty world. He had reason for thinking that the explanation given was not without effect. "I was much at a loss for words, but I believe he collected my meaning, and received some information which he possessed not before." In another place he says "In reading

some parts of the Epistles of St. John to my moonshee, he seemed to view them with great contempt; so far above the wisdom of the world is their Divine simplicity! The moonshee told me at night, that when the pundit came to the part about the angels 'separating the evil from the good,' he said, with some surprise, that there was no such thing in his Shaster, but that, at the end of the world, the sun would come so near as first to burn all the men, then the mountains, then the 'debtas' (inferior gods), then the waters: then God, reducing Himself to the size of a thumb-nail, would swim on the leaf of the pupul tree."

Religious discussions between Mr. Martyn, his moonshee, and pundit, were of almost daily occurrence, and the record of them is full of interest, as not only throwing light on his character, but on the nature of the work to be done by a missionary in India. In giving a conversation with his moonshee on the doctrine of the Trinity, and the Divinity of Christ, in which he grew angry, and felt tired and vexed, he says:—"If any qualification seems necessary to a missionary in India, it is wisdom operating in the regulation of the temper, and improvement of opportunities." Another extract from his journals must be given, as it shows the kind of people among whom the missionary work is to be carried on. "Dictating to-day the explanation of a parable to the moonshee, I had occasion to give the proofs of the corruption of human nature, and drew the conclusion that hence, till our hearts are changed, we are abominable

in the sight of God, and our own works, however useful to man, are worthless in His sight. I think I never saw such a striking instance of the truth grappling with human nature. He seemed like a fish when he first finds the hook has hold of him: he was in a dreadful rage, and endeavoured to escape from the conviction those truths produced, but seemingly in vain. At last, recovering himself, he said he had a question to ask, which was, "What would become of children if the disposition they are born with rendered them odious in the sight of God? I gave him the best answer I could, but he considered it as nothing, because founded on Scripture; and said with great contempt, that this was mere matter of faith, the same sort of thing as when the Hindoos believed the nonsense of their Shasters.

The commencement of Mr. Martyn's ministry amongst his countrymen at Dinapore was not of such a kind as either to gratify or to cheer him. Their levity and profaneness, their disregard of religion, their mind so opposed to the spirit of the Christianity which they professed, caused him the deepest sorrow and trouble. When he first began his duties as chaplain, he read prayers to the soldiers at the barracks on the long drum; and as there was no place to sit, he was desired to omit the sermon. After a time he made arrangements for the more decorous celebration of Divine service; and some of the families residing at the station assembled on the Sunday, and availed themselves of Mr. Martyn's ministrations. By many of these offence was taken that he

did not read to them a written sermon; and overstepping the limits of propriety and respect, they asked him to desist from extempore preaching. Although he at first felt displeased and annoyed at such a request, yet for the sake of conciliation he by-and-by returned the answer,—perhaps a little flavoured with sarcasm,—that "he would give them a folio sermon-book, if they would receive the word of God on that account."

His very endeavours at this time to bring the gospel to bear upon the heathen excited the jealousy and dread of some of the irreligious of his countrymen, lest he should excite a tumult amongst the natives: as if the gospel of the grace of God could do anything but still the passions of the human heart, or introduce anything but peace and goodwill where it is received. Such fears have always been rife amongst men of the world; and many a statesman has opposed the work of missions, and in their alarm have checked the advance of Christ's kingdom, instead of looking on the gospel as the true and only remedy for the evils that afflict mankind. The gospel is the true pioneer of civilization, and every friend of humanity will do all in his power to give the world that knowledge of Christ which can humanise the barbarous and elevate the debased. The wise of the world look to other agencies for the regeneration of mankind, to the diffusion of knowledge, the progress of science, the advance of education, the introduction of the useful arts; but none of these can change the heart, and renew the nature, can curb the passions, or refine the affections;

and it is found now as ever, that "the foolishness of God is wiser than men, and the weakness of God is stronger than men." He is the wisest philanthropist, as well as the truest Christian, who, with weapons that are "not carnal, but mighty through God to the pulling down of strongholds," attacks Satan within his entrenchments, and proves by the result that "the seed of the woman" can still "bruise the serpent's head."

The moral character of the natives shocked and distressed him; and so great was their looseness of principle that their conversion to nominal Christianity—their becoming "Feringees"—would have been a matter of little or no difficulty. But this was not his object; and unless he had reason to believe that they were truly penitent and believing, he had neither the wish nor the inclination to baptize them, though all the Brahmins' and Rajahs' country came to him for baptism. He imagined that they regarded him with enmity and dislike; and his meek and tender spirit was grieved and pained as he feared he was the object of their contempt. Hence this mingled burst of sorrow and hope, which, proceeding from a heart overcharged with grief, found expression in the following words:—"Here every native I meet is an enemy to me because I am an Englishman. England appears almost a heaven upon earth, because there one is not viewed as an unjust intruder. But oh, the heaven of my God, 'the general assembly of the first-born, the spirits of just men made perfect,'—and Jesus! oh, let me for a little while labour, and suffer reproach."

In the beginning of the year 1807, we find him employed morning and evening on the Sanscrit grammar, and in the afternoon on a translation of the Parables. In the month of February he had translated the Book of Common Prayer into Hindustani, a work, as his biographer truly says, "that would have been worth living for, if he had lived for nothing else." He was thus enabled in the month of March to begin a service in the vernacular tongue of India, at which about two hundred women, Portuguese, Roman Catholics, and Mahometans attended in eager crowds.

His principal success amongst the Europeans to whom he ministered, was with the sick whom he attended in the hospital. The upper ranks stood aloof from him, and treated his efforts for their welfare with coldness or opposition. In vain did he endeavour to introduce religious topics into conversation. "I spoke," said he, after visiting some of these, "several times about religion to them, but the manner in which it was received damped all further attempt." There was but a small number of chaplains in India in those days, and consequently Martyn was sometimes obliged to travel so many as seventy miles in order to read the marriage service; but on these occasions he always sought and found opportunities of advancing his Master's claims.

He erected five schools at Dinapore solely at his own expense, but these gave him after a time some anxiety. A report was spread that he intended to seize upon the children and compel them to become Christians. The

school at Patna immediately fell off in numbers, and diminished from forty children to eight; and at Dinapore no site could be obtained from the Zemindar for the erection of a schoolroom. For the purpose of soothing the agitation, he went to Patna in order to explain his sentiments and remove the foolish and groundless alarm.

In addition to his other troubles he had the pain of seeing there a servant of the Company, a man advanced in years and of some social standing, who had openly denied the faith, and professed his adhesion to Mahometanism. He had built a mosque of his own, which, as the season when Martyn visited Patna was the Mohurrun, was adorned with flags; and being illuminated at night proclaimed the shame of the offender. Martyn did not fail to rebuke the apostate, seeking to awaken his slumbering conscience with the warning words: "Remember whence thou art fallen," and urging him to consider that "the Son of God had died for sinners."

He found when he reached Patna that the school was deserted. Neither children nor teacher were to be found. The people, however, quickly gathered in crowds; and such was the effect of Martyn's explanations, his temperate arguments and mild expostulations, that all their fears were removed, and in a few days the children returned to the schools at Patna and Dinapore.

Towards the latter end of March he finished his translation of a Commentary on the Parables. "The little book of the Parables," he wrote to Mr. Corrie, "is

finished, through the blessing of God. I cannot say I am well pleased on the re-perusal of it; but yet, containing as it does such large portions of the word of God, I ought not to doubt its accomplishing that which He pleaseth."

Mr. Martyn's duties on the Sunday had now increased, consisting of one service at seven in the morning to the Europeans, another at two in the afternoon to the Hindoos, and an attendance at the hospital; after which, in the evening, he ministered privately at his own rooms to the soldiers who wished to be better instructed in the things pertaining to the kingdom of God. With such of these as attended regularly at his house on the Sunday evening and other evenings of the week, he enjoyed much spiritual communion. The number was very small at first, amounting at the most to five; sometimes no more than one was able to attend, but with him he gladly joined in prayer and praise and the reading of the word, and the "two met together in the Saviour's name" felt Him to be present in their midst. Over some of the officers stationed at Dinapore he began to rejoice, and of one of these, who from the first had treated him with the kindness of a father, he, at this time, formed "expectations which soon ripened into a delightful certainty that he had turned with full purpose of heart to the Lord."

Had Martyn allowed himself to be carried away on the strong and overflowing current of his zeal and love, it would have borne him into the streets of Patna wit h

the Bible in his hand. This would have cost him much, as he owns to Mr. Corrie, and he felt keenly the contempt to which it would have exposed him from those to whom the gospel was a stumbling-block and an offence. But he was ready to endure the loss of all things for Christ's sake. In a letter to Mr. Corrie, he says: "Oh that the time were come that I should be able to carry the war into the enemy's territory. It will be a severe trial to the flesh, my dear brother, for us both; but it is sufficient for the disciple to be as his Master, and the servant as his Lord. We shall be 'accounted as the filth of the world, and the offscouring of all things.'"

To the free and frank correspondence carried on weekly with Mr. Corrie he was indebted for much of the happiness of his life at this time. He ranked it amongst his richest blessings to have such a friend near him in such a country; for, with the exception of his other brethren in India with whom he statedly corresponded every quarter, and often also at other times, he had no one like-minded who would naturally care for the evangelization of the heathen. In this Mr. Corrie was of one heart and of one mind with himself.

Both the health of Mr. Martyn and of his friend, Mr. Corrie, suffered from the weakening effects of the climate, the thermometer at Dinapore being 92° in the shade, while at Chunar the heat was still more intense. But in addition to this Martyn injured himself by his habits of abstinence. He ever observed with great strictness the holy seasons set apart by the Church for fasting and

prayer; but the languid state to which he was now reduced convinced him that this bodily asceticism added to his mental strain was injurious to his health, and therefore he discontinued it. He was wise enough to temper his zeal with caution, and to feel that if he transgressed any of the laws which nature imposed, he must be the sufferer. Fasting, in itself, is but a means to an end; and if through the exhaustion of the powers it makes the spirit less active, less willing, less ready for service, it becomes an evil and not a good, and comes under the condemnation of that "bodily exercise which profiteth little." It may have been owing to his habits of severe abstinence, and the weakness in consequence superinduced, that we find so much of introspection in Martyn's journals accompanied by depression, and that often "the consolations of God" seem at least to be "small." For instance, towards the middle of April, just before he receives a call from his labours at Dinapore to Monghir to perform the marriage ceremony, he writes: "My mind much as usual; not tried by any violent assault of sin or Satan, but the daily cause of grief and shame; and indeed the root of all sin is forgetfulness of God. I perceive not in what state I have been till I come to pray." "Satan assaults me in various ways: some of his darts respecting the person of my Lord were dreadfully severe, but he triumphed not a moment. I am taught to see what would become of me if God should withdraw His strong hand. Is there any depth into which Satan would not plunge me?" "In prayer had

an affecting sense of my shameful ingratitude. Had I behaved thus to an earthly benefactor, showing so little regard for his company and his approbation, how should I abhor myself and be abhorred by all! How astonishingly rich in grace, bearing all with unceasing patience, and doing nothing but crown His sinful creature with loving-kindness and tender mercies!"

His journals, however, are not all in this strain of self-condemnation. There are occasions when he takes his harp from the willows, and strikes the chords to more joyful notes.

April 21st. "Again the love and mercy of the Lord restored me to health and spirits. Began to write a sermon on walking in Christ, and found my soul benefited by meditation on the subject. In the afternoon went on with translation. Arrived at sunset at Monghir."

April 26th. "In prayer, at the appointed hour I felt solemnity of mind, and an earnest desire that the Lord would pour out a double portion of His Spirit upon all His ministers in India; that every one of us may be eminent in holiness and ministerial gifts." "Passed the day in reading and prayer, such as my prayers are. My soul struggled with corruption, yet I found the merit and grace of Jesus all-sufficient, and all-supporting."

Martyn, as we have seen, had devoted much time to the translation of the Scriptures into Hindustani, both before and since he quitted Calcutta. A proposal was made by the Rev. David Brown, in the June of this year, that he would press on with this important work,

and also superintend a translation into Persian. He had been endeavouring for some time to master the Persian tongue, because he had been told that this language was understood and spoken from Dinapore to Damascus. Mr. Brown's proposal was eagerly accepted, and animated by the hope of seeing his labours brought to a successful close, he pursued them, not only with diligence but delight. "The time fled imperceptibly," he remarks: "so delightfully engaged in the translations, the days seemed to have passed like a moment. Blessed be God for some improvement in the languages! May everything be for edification in the Church! What do I not owe to the Lord for permitting me to take part in a translation of His word! Never did I see such wonder and wisdom and love in the blessed Book, as since I have been obliged to study every expression; and it is a delightful reflection that death cannot deprive us of the pleasure of studying its mysteries."

It was well for himself that he was now so actively employed, and that he found such perpetual pleasure in the Book of God; for a new sorrow came upon him, more bitter than any which had befallen him since the death of his father. Letters from England brought the intelligence that his eldest sister was dead. He had been partly prepared for the news by some expressions which had dropped from her pen in a letter that reached him only a few weeks before. And now the suspense ended in the inexpressible sense of his loss. He was only supported under the bereavement by the knowledge

that she had passed through death unto life, and had entered through the shadows of the dark valley into the light and glory of the presence of the Lord.

"O my heart, my heart!" he says: "is it, can it be true that she has been lying so many months in the cold grave? Would that I could always remember it, or always forget it; but to think for a moment of other things, and then to feel the remembrance of it come as if for the first time, rends my heart asunder. O great and gracious God! what should I do without *Thee?* But now Thou art manifesting Thyself as the God of all consolation to my soul, never was I so near to Thee. I stand on the brink, and long to take my flight! There is not a thing in the world for which I would wish to live, except because it may please God to appoint me some work. And how shall my soul be ever thankful enough to Thee, O Thou most incomprehensibly glorious Saviour Jesus! O what hast Thou done to alleviate the sorrows of life! And how great has been the mercy of God towards my family, in saving us all! How dreadful would be the separation of relations in death, were it not for Jesus!" In a letter to Mr. Brown he says: "This" (the knowledge that his sister had died in the Lord), "this you will tell me, my dear Mr. Brown, is precious consolation; indeed, I am constrained to acknowledge that I could hardly ask for greater, for I had already parted with her for ever in this life; and after that, all I wished for was, to hear of her being converted to God, and if it were His will, taken away in

due time from the evil to come, and brought to glory before me. Yet human nature bleeds; her departure has left this world a frightful blank to me; and I feel not the smallest wish to live except there be some work assigned for me to do in the Church of God."

Acutely as Martyn suffered in this season of trial, yet did he not allow his sorrow to interfere with his studies; he pursued them with all his old eagerness with but the omission of a single day. He thought it to be his duty to return to his work at once; and no doubt he felt relief in an occupation which kept his mind on the word of God. "My studies," he writes, "have been the Arabic grammar, and Persian, writing Luke for the women, and dictating 1 Peter i. to moonshee. Finished the Gulistan of Sadi, and began it again to mark all the phrases that may be of use in the translation of the Scriptures." One fruit of his prayers, and a happy result of a right judgment, was the successful introduction of the Sermon on the Mount into his schools; and on the 21st of September, he had the great joy of hearing the poor heathen boys reading the Saviour's words. His heart now burned with the desire to preach publicly to the natives, but he felt the importance of not being precipitate, and so he slacked, but with some difficulty, the fervour of his zeal. He would do nothing until he saw what his schools and the quiet circulation of the Scriptures might effect, hoping that the way by means of these might be gradually opened for the preaching of the gospel. It was his desire to watch

the success of his plans that influenced him to decline a pressing invitation from Mr. Brown, urging him to take the Missionary Church at the Presidency. But Dinapore was in the midst of the heathen, and here he could enjoy as much retirement as he pleased. "If ever I am found at Calcutta," he wrote in reply, "I have done with the natives, for notwithstanding previous determinations, the churches and people are enough to employ twenty ministers. This is one reason for my apparently unconquerable aversion to being fixed there. The happiness of being near, and with you, and your dear family, would not be a compensation for the disappointment; and having said this, I know of no stronger method of my expressing my dislike to the measure. If God commands it, I trust I shall have grace to obey; but let me beseech you all to take no step towards it, for I shall resist it as long as I can with a safe conscience."

In addition to his other afflictions, he at this time met with a severe trial in the disappointment of a hope which he had long cherished. Friends whose judgment he valued had so strongly represented the dreariness of a distant station in India, and the evils of solitude, that he was again induced to make an offer of marriage to the lady for whom time had increased, rather than weakened, his attachment. He had continued to correspond with Miss Grenfell, and his letters tell how much he felt their separation, and through what struggles he reached resignation. He was ever hoping that she would join him in his Indian home; and he longed for her presence the

more because he believed that their union would increase his usefulness in the missionary work. "My own earthly comfort and happiness," he writes, "are not worth a moment's notice. I would not influence you by any artifices, or false representations. I can only say, that if you have a desire of being instrumental in establishing the blessed Redeemer's kingdom among these poor people, and will condescend to it by supporting the spirit, and animating the zeal of a weak messenger of the Lord who is apt to grow very dispirited and languid,—come, and the Lord be with you. It can be nothing but a sacrifice on your part to leave your valuable friends to come to one who is utterly unworthy of you, or of any other of God's precious gifts; but you will have your reward; and I ask it not of you or of God for the sake of my own happiness, but only on account of the gospel."

The answer to this letter was one which entered like iron into his soul. Miss Grenfell refused to leave England, partly, at least, on her mother's account, who was naturally unwilling to be separated from her daughter, and partly, it appears, from other reasons. In Mr. Simeon's Life there is given an entry from his journal, in which, referring to Miss Grenfell, he says: "She stated to me all the obstacles to his (Martyn's) proposals: first, her health; the second, the indelicacy of her going out to India alone on such an errand; third, her former engagement with another person, which had indeed been broken off, and he had actually gone up to London two

years ago to be married to another woman, but as he was unmarried it seemed an obstacle in her mind; fourth, the certainty that her mother would never consent to it. On these points I observed that I thought the last was the only one that was insurmountable."

Martyn's refuge in this sharp sorrow was, as it had been on former occasions, in prayer. "The Lord sanctify this; and since this last desire of my heart is also withheld, may I turn away for ever from the world, and henceforth live forgetful of all but God. With Thee, O my God, is no disappointment. I shall never have to regret that I have loved Thee too well. Thou hast said, 'Delight thyself in the Lord, and He shall give thee the desires of thy heart.'"

"At first," he wrote some time afterward, "I was more grieved at the loss of my gourd, than of the perishing Ninevehs all around me; but now my earthly woes and earthly attachments seem to be absorbing in the vast concern of communicating the gospel to these nations. After this last lesson from God on the vanity of the creature, I feel desirous to be nothing,—to have nothing,—to ask for nothing but what He gives."

Providentially for Martyn's consolation, his thoughts were soon much occupied by the arrival of his fellow-helpers in the work of translation. One of them, Mirza, of Benares, was well known in India as an eminent scholar in Hindustani; the other, Sabat, the Arabian, was but too well known both in India and England for his rejection of that faith which he then appeared to

hold in sincerity and truth. Martyn hoped that he had found in this man a Christian brother, as there was every reason to believe him a true convert, and a most favourable report had been given of his abilities by Dr. Ker, of Madras. He was said to be a man of good family in Arabia, who had been employed as an expounder of Mahometan law at Masulipatam, and as being well skilled in the literature of the country. Though Martyn soon discovered in him signs of an unsubdued Arab spirit, and witnessed with pain many things inconsistent with a Christian temper and conduct, yet still he hoped even against hope, and continued to show him unparalleled kindness and forbearance. So the months flew on, one day telling another; Martyn always engaged in his Master's business: sometimes with a mind depressed by "fightings without and fears within"; sometimes crying out of the depths; sometimes uttering thanks from the fulness of a grateful heart. His chief source of consolation at this time apart from his work arose from his correspondence with his Christian friends at Calcutta, Mr. Brown and Mr. Corrie, and from letters from his sister in England. So ended the year 1808; and in the month of April, 1809, he was removed from Dinapore to Cawnpore, several hundred miles farther from Calcutta, and where there was as yet no church for the performance of Divine worship. The change was in many respects unpleasant to him, but in this, as in every other arrangement over which he had not the control, "patience had in him its perfect work."

CHAPTER V.

CAWNPORE.

[1809–11.]

AT Cawnpore he was welcomed most cordially by Captain Sherwood and his wife, a lady whose literary works are well known, and whose pen was always employed in advancing that sacred cause for which Martyn lived and laboured and was ready to die.

Mrs. Sherwood thus writes of his arrival at this new station: "The month of April in the upper provinces of Hindustan is one of the most dreadful months for travelling throughout the year; indeed, no European at that time can remove from place to place, but at the hazard of his life. But Mr. Martyn had that anxiety to be at the work which his Heavenly Father had given him to do, that notwithstanding the violent heat, he travelled from Chunar to Cawnpore, the space of about four hundred miles. At that time, I well remember, the air was as hot and dry as that which I have sometimes felt near the mouth of a large oven. No friendly cloud or verdant carpet of grass to relieve the eye from the strong glare of the rays of the sun pouring on the sandy plains of the Ganges. Thus Mr. Martyn travelled, journeying night and day, and arrived at Cawnpore in such a state that he

fainted away as soon as he entered the house. When we charged him with the rashness of hazarding in this manner his life, he always pleaded his anxiety to get to the great work. He remained with us ten days, suffering at times considerably from fever and pain in his chest."

We find him, shortly after his arrival at Cawnpore, preaching to a thousand soldiers drawn up in a hollow square, when the heat was so great, although the sun had not risen, that many actually dropped down, unable to support it. His health suffered, as it could not fail of doing from ministrations carried on under such circumstances in such a district, and he complained of an attack of fever after he had begun these services; but he was too zealous, and too faithful to spare himself. There was imprudence, no doubt, in putting his valuable life to such risks, but if there was, we forget it in the enthusiasm for his Master which prompted his efforts, and if we cannot unreservedly praise, we must assuredly admire. Of the two extremes, give us the ardent zeal of self-forgetting love, rather than the placid indifference which consults its own interests first, and then turns leisurely to the interests of God.

Martyn's duties at Cawnpore were similar to those at Dinapore. These were prayers and a sermon with the regiment in the early morning, the same services at the house of the General of the station at eleven, attendance at the hospital, and in the evening—and this part of his work he found the most grateful and refreshing—an ex-

position to the more earnest part of his flock, combined with prayer and praise.

He had always loved the science of philology, and he ever fondly hoped to make some discoveries which should throw light upon the difficulties of Scripture. He had devoted himself to this study at Dinapore, and he still pursued it for many successive days and nights at Cawnpore. He thought at one time that he had ascertained the meaning of almost all the Hebrew letters; but he gradually became less fervent in these inquiries, either because he began to doubt the truth of those axioms which he had laid down, or from finding their uselessness after he had established them.

These abstruse speculations, together with the superintendence of an Arabic translation of the New Testament, begun and carried on conjointly with a new Persian version, now occupied him fully. His studies, however, were interrupted from time to time by calls from a distance to perform the marriage service. He received such a summons from Lucknow, and also from Pretabjush in the territory of Oudh. Of the latter he writes thus to Mr. Simeon: "Just after the last ship from Europe arrived, and I was hourly expecting my letters, I was summoned to a distant station to marry a couple, and did not return till three weeks after. It was a great disappointment to be thus suddenly sent to roam amongst jungles and jackals, when I was feasting my fancy with delightful letters from my friends at home, though Europe is no longer my home. However, my

mind was soon reconciled to it; and I was often able to recite, with some sense of their sweetness, Mr. Newton's beautiful lines,

> 'In desert tracts with Thee, my God,
> How happy could I be.'

"Being detained one Lord's-day at the place, I assembled all the officers and company at the commanding officer's bungalow, and preached the gospel to them. There were five and thirty officers, besides ladies and other Europeans. You will have an idea of the Nabob's country, when you are informed that last September a young officer, going from his station to Lucknow, was stopped by robbers and literally cut to pieces in his palanquin. Since that time the Nabob has requested that every English gentleman wishing to visit his capital may give notice of his intention to the resident, in order that a guard may be sent. Accordingly, a few months ago, when I had occasion to go to Lucknow, I had a guard of four troopers, armed with matchlocks and spears. I thought of Nehemiah, but was far too inferior to him in courage and faith not to contemplate the fierce countenances of my satellites with great satisfaction."

He had not been long settled in his new home before he received another shock similar to that which overwhelmed him with sorrow in the past year. Letters from Europe brought the sad intelligence that his youngest sister, she who had been his earliest counsellor

and guide in the ways of peace, had been "taken away from the evil to come." He writes in the following touching manner to the widowed husband. "Your loss is greater than mine, and therefore it would become me to offer consolation, but I cannot, I must wait for your next; and in the meantime I will continue to pray for you, that the God of all consolation may comfort you, and make us both, from this time, live more as pilgrims and strangers upon the earth. In my first three years after leaving my native land, I have lost the three persons whom I most loved in it. What is there now I should wish to live for? Oh what a barren desert, what a howling wilderness does this world appear! But for the service of God in His Church, and the preparation of my own soul, I do not know that I would wish to live another day."

These repeated trials were not without their peculiar spiritual consolations and blessings. They yielded many "peaceable fruits of righteousness." Any one who reads his journal at this period must be struck with his growth in that spiritual mind which is "life and peace." He seems to make rapid advances not only in faith and in love, but in "the glorious liberty of the children of God." One great defect in his religious character before this was a certain lack of that "spirit of adoption whereby we cry, Abba, Father." He allowed his inward peace to depend in too great a measure on his frames and feelings at the time; so that, although he had often a conscious experience of joy, he

was at times downcast and dispirited. But it must ever be borne in mind by those who seek to understand the man, that he was constitutionally melancholy, that his conscience was peculiarly sensitive, and that he was of a spirit that was always ready to "write bitter things against itself." There were seasons, indeed, when he soared above all the infirmities which belonged to his natural temperament, and basked in the unclouded sunshine of his Father's face. And there is one point worthy of observation as regards his spiritual exultation: his spiritual joy never exceeded the bounds of chastened sobriety; and when his heart was most in heaven, his soul was most under a sense of his unworthiness, and "the exceeding sinfulness of sin." Fervent love and filial fear met in most blessed and holy union in his soul. While he was the child in the bosom of the Father, he was at the same time the creature in the dust at the footstool of God. Daily did he grow in grace, and gather round him the lineaments of heaven. Each trial that was sent was sanctified to an increasing conformity to the mind of Christ. He tells us himself that he saw love inscribed on these afflictions. He was a learner in the school of sorrow. Sorrow is the great teacher. There are some lessons that would never be acquired were they not taught by tribulation. As darkness not only hides but reveals, so it is with affliction. Were the sun never to set below the horizon, how much of God's workmanship in creation we should lose! It is the darkness that discloses the silver moon, and all the

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starry host, as coming out one by one in the purple skies they make night beautiful with their brilliant fires. So is it with sorrow. Had we nothing but the sunshine of prosperous times and circumstances, large portions of "the lively oracles" would be for us without meaning and without force. For here are rich promises, made only for the afflicted; "words in season" spoken only to "the weary," and consolations that can only be understood by the troubled and the heavy-laden. So that trial, with all its darkness and gloom, brings into view many an "exceeding great and precious promise," which like the planet or star, unless revealed by the shadows of the night, would for ever remain hidden from our gaze.

The close of the year 1809 was distinguished by the beginning of Martyn's first public ministrations among the heathen. To prevent the recurrence of repeated interruptions on his valuable time, he had appointed all who needed temporal assistance to meet him on a stated day for the distribution of alms. Sometimes as many as from five to eight hundred beggars would assemble before his house, and he seized the opportunity of feeding them, not only with the bread which perisheth, but with "the bread which cometh down from heaven." He had the satisfaction of seeing the numbers increase, and of observing a growing attention to the instructions which he delivered. This congregation, assembling from week to week, presented an affecting spectacle of extreme wretchedness, but he was able to tell them

of a God who is no respecter of persons, and of a Saviour "who for our sakes became poor, that we through His poverty might be rich." He led their minds upward to a God "not like unto gold, or silver, or stone, graven by art and man's device, and who is not worshipped with men's hands, as though He needed anything, seeing He giveth to all life, and breath, and all things." And he entreated for a God so great and so good their love, and reverence, and awe. "If God made the heaven and earth for you, and made the meat also for you, will He not also feed you? Know also that He that made heaven and earth *can* destroy them, and *will* do it; therefore fear God who is so great, and love God, who is so good." Such was the substance of his first discourse to this motley assemblage, and the whole of it was preached sentence by sentence. At the end of each clause there were sounds of applause, and also several explanatory remarks from the wiser portion of the audience. "I bless my God," said Martyn, "for helping me beyond my expectations."

On another occasion, when speaking of God's love to the Hindoos, and of His love to other peoples of the earth, and telling them that "the Ganges was no better than other rivers, for all rivers are alike," he says, "these were nice points. I felt as if treading on tender ground, and was almost disposed to blame myself for imprudence. I thought that amidst the silence these remarks produced I heard hisses and groans, but a few Mahometans applauded.

With these labours of love the year 1809 came to a close. "Ten years have elapsed," wrote Martyn on the last day of this year, "since I was first called of God to the fellowship of the gospel; and ten times greater ought to be my gratitude to the tender mercy of my God for all that He has done for me. The ways of wisdom appear more sweet and reasonable than ever, and the world more insipid and vexatious. The chief thing I have to mourn over is my want of more power and fervour in secret prayer, especially when attempting to plead for the heathen. Warmth does not increase with me in proportion to my light!

Martyn continued to minister to the temporal and spiritual wants of the wretched beings who statedly assembled at his house during the early part of the year 1810, nor did he cease from his labours of love during his residence at Cawnpore, so long as his health permitted. He had every reason to believe that a great impression was made, and that the promise was fulfilled, "My word shall not return unto Me void, but it shall accomplish that which I please, and it shall prosper in the thing whereto I sent it."

In the midst of these exertions an attack of pain in the chest, severer than any he had yet experienced, forced upon his mind the unwelcome conviction that he must rest from his arduous labours. His friends became much alarmed about the state of his health. To Mr. Simeon, who had strongly urged upon him the duty of care and prudence, he thus writes:—"I read your

letter of 6th July, 1809, cautioning me against over-exertion, with the confidence of one who had nothing to fear. This was only three weeks ago. Since the last Lord's-day your kind advice was brought home to my mind, accompanied with painful regret that I had not paid more attention to it. My work last Sunday was not more than usual, but far too much for me, I can perceive. First, service to his Majesty's 53rd foot in the open air; then at head-quarters, in the afternoon, preached to eight hundred natives; at night, to my little flock of Europeans. Which of these can I forego? The ministration to the natives might be in the week, but I wish to attach the idea of holiness to the Sunday. My evening congregation on Sunday is attended by twice as many as in the week-day, so how can I let this go?"

Unwilling as he was to "spare himself," the state of his health, threatened as he was with the hereditary disease of consumption, compelled him to relax his exertions, and to overcome his reluctance of giving up any of his work. He was compelled to tell his Indian congregation, when they met for service, that ill health prevented his addressing them as before. No sooner had he spoken than hundreds of voices were heard invoking for him long life, and health; and when he distributed his charity among them, their gratitude was without bounds. He ventured, however, shortly after this to finish with them the history of Joseph which he had begun, and to resume also the whole of his duty on the Sunday with the exception of the service. He also,

notwithstanding his great caution on this point, administered the rite of baptism to an old Hindoo woman, "who, though she knew but little, was (he said) lowliness itself." Nothing shows more the anxiety felt by his friends at this time for his health than the following letter from Mr. Brown: "You will know from our inestimable brother Corrie, my solicitude about your health. If it could make you live longer, I would give up any child I have, and myself into the bargain. May it please the adorable, unsearchable Being with whom we have to do, to lengthen your span."

Though Mr. Corrie had arrived at Cawnpore in the beginning of June on his journey to his new station at Agra, and undertook part of Martyn's duties whilst he continued with his friend, yet such was the state of Martyn's health that it was thought advisable that he should try the effect of a short sea voyage, or return for a brief period of rest to England. After a considerable mental struggle, Martyn resolved upon the latter plan; for strongly as his heart was drawn towards his native country, India had attractions of a more powerful, because of a more exalted kind. His departure for England was, however, deferred in order that he might visit Arabia and Persia, for the purpose of making as perfect as possible his Persian version of the New Testament, which was considered too incorrect to be sent through the press. Competent judges in Calcutta deemed it unfit for general circulation, as it contained too many Arabic idioms, and was written in a style well

suited to the learned, but not sufficiently adapted to the capacities of the common people.

"At this decision," we are told, "Mr. Martyn was as keenly disappointed as he was delighted at the complete success of the Hindustani version, which, on the minutest and most rigorous revision, was pronounced to be idiomatic and plain. But meeting the disappointment with that spring and elasticity of mind which is the result of lively faith, he instantly resolved, after committing his way to God in prayer, and consulting his friends, Mr. Corrie and Mr. Brown, on the subject, to go into Arabia and Persia for the pupose of collecting the opinions of learned natives with respect to the Persian translation which had been rejected, as well as the Arabic version which was yet incomplete, though nearly finished.

When his resolution was made known to his friends, Mr. Brown wrote him a characteristic letter in which he says:—"But can I thus bring myself to cut the string and let you go? I confess I could not if your bodily frame was strong, and promised to last for half a century. But as you burn with the intenseness and rapid blaze of heated phosphorus, why should we not make the most of you? Your flame may last as long, and perhaps longer, in Arabia, than in India. Where should the phœnix build her odoriferous nest but in the land prophetically called "the blessed"? and where shall we ever expect, but from that country, the true Comforter to come to the nations of the East? I contemplate your New Testa-

ment springing up, as it were, from dust and ashes, but beautiful as the wings of a dove covered with silver, and her feathers like yellow gold."

Towards the end of September, Martyn prepared to leave Cawnpore, and his last sermon there was on the life, the miracles, the death, and the resurrection of Christ, on whom he exhorted them to believe, taking them to record that he declared to them the gospel of the grace of God. Those present on this solemn and touching occasion felt that they could never again hear the tidings of great joy from his lips, and that when he had parted from them they should see his face no more. "They beheld him," says his biographer, "standing on the verge of the eternal world, and ready to take a splendid flight. 'My father, my father, the chariots of Israel, and the horsemen thereof;' were the sentiments with which many gazed on him."

Mrs. Sherwood, who was one of his audience on this solemn occasion, describes in the following words the impression he left upon her and many others: "He began in a weak and faint voice, being at the time in a very bad state of health; but gathering strength as he proceeded, he seemed as one inspired from on high. Never was an audience more affected. The next day this holy and heavenly man left Cawnpore, and the society of many who sincerely loved and admired him. He left us with little hope of seeing him again until, by the mercy of the Saviour, we meet with him in our Father's home."

On the first day of October, the day which followed this affecting service, he quitted Cawnpore for Aldeen, which he had left four years before, and passing down the Ganges, reached it on the evening of the last day of the month.

When his friends saw his pallid countenance and enfeebled frame, they knew not whether to mourn over his changed and wasted appearance, or to rejoice that they could enjoy his society once more. Mr. Thomason thus expressed his feelings in a letter to Mr. Simeon: "This bright and lovely jewel first gratified our eyes on Saturday last. He is on his way to Arabia, where he is going in pursuit of health and knowledge. You know his genius, and what gigantic strides he takes in everything. He has some great plan in his mind, of which I am no competent judge, but so far as I do understand it, the object is far too grand for one short life, and much beyond his feeble, exhausted frame. Feeble it is indeed! how feeble and changed! His complaint lies in his lungs, and appears to be a beginning consumption. But let us hope the sea air may revive him, and that change of place and pursuit may do him essential service, and continue his life many years. In all other respects he is greatly the same as he was; he shines in all the dignity of love, and seems to carry about him such a heavenly majesty as impresses the mind beyond description. But if he talks much, though in a low voice, he sinks, and you are reminded of his being dust and ashes." Notwithstand-

ing the inferior state of his health, and those symptoms of consumption which alarmed his friends at Cawnpore, Martyn preached every Sunday during his stay at Calcutta, with one exception. He felt that the time was short, and that he must redeem it,—that the days were evil, and he must do all in his power to amend them. Thus was he, what Brainerd wished himself to be, "a flame of fire in the service of his God," a flame burning brightly, but burning out by its own very intensity, being always at a white heat, until it burnt itself away.

Martyn's own words on leaving for ever those shores on which he had fondly and fully prepared to spend all his days, were these: "I now pass from India to Arabia, not knowing the things that shall befall me there, but assured that an ever faithful God and Saviour will be with me whithersoever I go. May He guide me and protect me; and after preparing me in the thing whereunto I go, bring me back again to my delightful work in India. I am perhaps leaving it to see it no more, but the will of God be done. My times are in His hand, and He will cut them short as shall be most for my good; with this assurance I feel that nothing need interrupt my work or my peace."

Ill as he was, he preached a sermon on the anniversary of the Calcutta Bible Society which was afterwards printed, with the title "Christian India; or, an appeal on behalf of nine hundred thousand Christians

in India who want the Bible." He also for the last time addressed the inhabitants of Calcutta, from the text: "But one thing is needful."

On the 7th of January he left India for Shiraz in Persia, taking his passage in the ship *Ahmoody*, bound to Bombay. An extract from a letter to Mr. Corrie soon after his departure has its own interest. "One of my fellow-passengers was the Honourable Mr. Elphinstone, who was proceeding to take the presidency of Poonah. His agreeable manners and classical acquirements made me think myself fortunate indeed in having such a companion; and I found his company the most agreeable part of my voyage."

"Our captain was a pupil of Schwartz's, of whom he communicated many interesting particulars. Schwartz, with Kolhoff and Joenicke, kept a school for half-caste children, about a mile and a half from Tanjore, but went every night to the Tanjore Church to meet about sixty or seventy of the king's regiment who assembled for devotional purposes; afterwards he officiated to their wives and children in Portuguese. At the school Schwartz used to read in the morning out of the German Meditation for every day in the year; at night he had family prayer. Joenicke taught them geography; Kolhoff, writing and arithmetic. They had also masters in Persian and Malabar.

"At the time when the present Rajah was in danger of his life from the usurper of his uncle's throne, Schwartz used to sleep in the same room with him.

This was sufficient protection, 'for (said the captain) Schwartz was considered by the natives as something more than mortal.' The old Rajah at his death committed his nephew to Schwartz.

"All down the Bay of Bengal I could do nothing but sit listless on the poop, viewing the wide waste of waters, a sight that would have been beautiful had I been well. On the 18th, we came in sight of the island of Ceylon."

During the voyage the vessel touched at several places, and Martyn landed at Colombo, and describes a walk in a cinnamon garden and along a beautiful road where a tall grove of cocoa-nut trees rose on each side of the way, interspersed with the huts of the natives, and through which he caught a glimpse of the sea beyond. He landed also at Goa, where he visited the tomb of Francis Xavier. He also went in company with Mr. Elphinstone to the Inquisition, but they were not admitted beyond the ante-chamber.

On the 18th of February the vessel anchored at Bombay. It was his thirtieth birthday, "an age," he says in his journal, "at which David Brainerd finished his course." He adds characteristically: "I am now at the age when the Saviour of men began His ministry; when John the Baptist called a nation to repentance. Let me now think for myself and act with energy. Hitherto I have made my youth and insignificance an excuse for sloth and imbecility, now let me have a character and act for God."

This resolution, it need hardly be said, he carried out, and whenever he had an opportunity he furthered as far as possible the kingdom of God, and urged the Saviour's claims on the heart and conscience. Whether he spoke to Christian, Mahometan, or Parsee, he sought trophies for his Master's cross, and jewels for His crown.

On the 14th of April, Easter Day, they came in sight of the Persian coast, near Tiz, in Meehran, and on the 21st anchored at Muscat, in Arabia. On the 22nd of May they landed at Bushire, and Martyn, speaking of himself in his journal, says, "in good health." "How unceasing," he continues, "are the mercies of the Lord; blessed be His goodness; may He still preserve me from danger, and above all make my journey a source of future good to this kingdom of Persia, into which I am now come. We were hospitably received by the acting Resident. In the evening I walked out by the sea-side to recollect myself, to review the past, and look forward to the future."

On Sunday the Europeans assembled for Divine service, which was performed at the President's. He preached from the words, "For He must reign till He hath put all enemies under His feet." In the evening he went, at the Padre's request, to the Armenian Church, where he found the same unmeaning ceremonies and noisy chants, the same burning of incense and censing as he had found at Bombay. The next day he felt very ill from headache and overpowering sleepiness, arising, as he thought, from sunstroke, and as often as he attempted

to read he fell asleep and awoke in bitterness and pain. So the benefit that his health had gained from the voyage and the enforced rest soon passed away, and he suffered again from his old attacks of debility; but through all, his great desire was to say: "Not my will, but Thine be done." The attack of sunstroke, however, passed off, and again restored, he was able to do something in the way of reading. The account that he received from the Resident of the moral state of Persia made him shudder. He asks in his journal: "If God rained down fire upon Sodom and Gomorrha, how is it that this nation is not blotted out from under heaven? I do not remember to have heard such things of the Hindoos except the Sikhs, they seem to rival the Mahometans."

May 30th. "Our Persian dresses being ready, we set off this evening for Shiraz. Our kafila consisted of about thirty horses and mules, some carrying things to the ambassador, the rest for our servants and luggage; the animal for my use was a Yaboo, or riding pony, a mule for my trunks, and one for my servant Zachariah, an Armenian of Ispahan. It was a fine moonlight night, about 10 o'clock, when we marched out of the gate of Bushire and began to make our way over the plain. Mr. B——, who accompanied me a little way, soon returned. Captain T—— went on, intending to accompany us to Shiraz. This was the first time we had any of us put off the European, and the novelty of our situation supplied us with many subjects for conversation about two hours; when we began to flag and grow sleepy, and the kafila

was pretty quiet; one of the muleteers on foot began to sing. He sang with a voice so plaintive that it was impossible not to have one's attention arrested. At the end of the first tune he paused, and nothing was heard but the tinkling of the bells attached to the necks of the mules. Every voice was hushed. The first line was enough for me, and I dare say it set many others thinking of their absent friends—'Without thee my heart can attach itself to none." It is what I have often felt on setting out on a journey. The friends left behind so absorb the thoughts that the things by the wayside are seen without interest, and the conversation of strangers is insipid. But perhaps the first line, as well as the rest, is only a promise of fidelity, though I did not take it in that sense when I first heard it. The following is perhaps the true translation :—

'Think not that e'er my heart can dwell
Contented far from thee:
How can the fresh-caught nightingale
Enjoy tranquillity?
Forsake not then thy friend for aught
That slanderous tongues can say;
The heart that fixes where it ought,
No power can rend away.'

Thus we went on; and as often as the kafilas, by their dulness and sleepiness, seemed to require it, or perhaps to keep himself awake, he entertained the company and himself with a song. We met two or three other kafilas taking advantage of the night to get

on. My loquacious servant, Zachary, took care to ask every one whence they came, and by that means sometimes got an answer which raised a laugh against him."

So far his journey was agreeable, but as he proceeded on his way he suffered much under the heat and burden of the day. At first the heat was not greater than he had felt in India, but it soon became so great as to be quite alarming. When the thermometer was above 120°, at fever heat, he began to lose strength, and at last it became so intolerable that he could not rest, and thought that he must lose his senses. During the whole journey he suffered much, and on some occasions the thermometer rose to 126°, and the only way in which he could defend himself from the fierceness of the sun and preserve the moisture upon the skin was by wrapping himself up in blankets and other coverings thick enough to exclude the air. At other times he had recourse to large wet towels, which he wound round his head and body; and to this preventive he owed, under God, the preservation of his life. This was in the plains. When he began to ascend the mountain ranges, where the road often passed so close to the edge of fearful precipices that one false step must have plunged him in destruction, the cold of the nights was so piercing that all the clothes he could collect together could not keep him from shivering. We cannot wonder, therefore, that he could thus record his impressions when he arrived at Carzeroon: "I could not compose myself to sleep. There seemed to be a fire within my

head, my skin like a cinder, and the pulse violent. Through the day it was again too hot to sleep, though the place we occupied was a sort of summer-house in a garden of cypress-trees, exceedingly well fitted up with mats and coloured glass. Had the kafila gone on that night I could not have accompanied it; but it halted here a day, by which means I got a sort of night's rest, even though I awoke twenty times to dip my burning hands in water. Though Carzeroon is the second greatest town in Fars, we could get nothing but bread, milk, and eggs, and that with difficulty. The Governor, who is under great obligations to the English, heard of our arrival, but sent us no message."

At length, on the morning of the 9th of June, he found himself in the plain of Shiraz, after a terrible journey full of difficulty and peril, when at times he was unable even to guide his horse, and sustained only by his trust in God, and by the thought of that better world where all tears shall be wiped from the eyes. An extract from his journal, written down just two days before he reached Shiraz, shows us where his hopes were fixed, and what was the secret of his endurance.

"Left the caravansera at one this morning. Continued to ascend. The hours we were permitted to rest the musquitoes had effectually prevented me from using, so I never felt more miserable and disordered. The cold was very severe. For fear of falling off from sleep and numbness, I walked a good part of the way. We pitched our tent in the vale of Dustarjan, near a

crystal stream, on the banks of which we observed the clover and golden cup. The whole valley was one green field, on which large herds of cattle were browsing. The temperature was about that of the spring in England. There a few hours' sleep recovered me, in some degree, from the stupidity in which I had been for some days. I awoke with a light heart and said, "He knoweth our frame, and remembereth we are dust. He redeemeth our life from destruction, and crowneth us with loving-kindness and tender mercies. He maketh us to lie down in the green pastures, and leadeth us beside the still waters. And when we have left this vale of tears, there is no more sorrow, nor sighing, nor any more pain. The sun shall not light upon them, nor any heat. But the Lamb shall lead them to living fountains."

CHAPTER VI.

SHIRAZ.

[1811–12.]

SHIRAZ is the most celebrated seat of Persian learning. It has been called "the Athens of Persia," because it has been the birthplace of many poets and historians who hold a distinguished place in the literature of Asia. Persia recalls to the mind those celebrated Eastern Tales in which the loves of the Nightingale and the Rose form so conspicuous an episode, and in which are related many a daring adventure of the ancient inhabitants of the country,—the worshippers of the sun and the fire. The Arabs at length conquered the followers of Zoroaster, and forcing them to become wanderers from the land of their birth, introduced the religion of Mahomet into the country. But the poetical associations connected with the region where he had now his home, only brought out into greater prominence the terrible evils under which both the country and the inhabitants suffered. He writes thus from Persia to friend in England: "As for their wickedness and misery, it is only human nature unveiled, its depravity heightened perhaps by the superstition under which they groaned."

Martyn at once set himself to work, and, as ever, redeemed the time. Having ascertained the general correctness of the opinion given in Calcutta of Sabat's translation of the New Testament, he immediately began another version in the Persian language. He found an able and willing assistant in this difficult and important work, in Mirza Said Ali Khan, the brother-in-law of his host Jaffiar Ali Khan. Mirza's own religious sentiments were of the most latitudinarian character, and as this same spirit pervades the whole system of Soofeism, it sufficiently accounts for its literature under a Mahometan intolerance of a stricter and more absolute kind than that which exists in the Turkish Empire.

Jaffier Ali Khan, a Mahometan of rank and influence, was a man of great urbanity of temper and kindness of disposition, and Martyn found in him a host anxious in every way to contribute to his comfort and convenience. He as well as his brother were remarkable for their freedom from bigotry and prejudice; and he was ready on all occasions to invite rather than decline the freest interchange of opinion on religious topics.

Martyn, on the 17th of June, when he had been a little more than a week in Shiraz, began the work for which he had come to Persia. As he soon became an object of much interest and curiosity, he was not allowed to proceed on the version of the New Testament without many interruptions. "Said Ali," he writes, "began translating the Gospel of John with me. We were interrupted by the entrance of two very majestic

personages, one of whom was the great-grandson of Nadir Shah. The uncle of the present king used to wait behind his father's table. He is now a prisoner here, subsisting on a pension." He had a visit also from the prince's secretary, who was considered the best prose writer in Shiraz. Then came two young men from the college, full of zeal and logic, to try him with hard questions, all of which were foolish, and ministered rather to strife than to edification. On another occasion a party of Armenians appeared; and again, upon another, a Mahometan who had been a Jew came to prove that he had found Mahomet in the Pentateuch. He met with several Jews who had become apostates from their faith through bribery; and the prince gave to every Jew on conversion an honorary dress, "and so," Martyn remarks, "they are turning Mahometans every day." "A young man, son of the old Jew, asked how it could be supposed that God would leave so many nations so long in darkness if Islam be an error? The father sat with great complacency to see how I could get over this. I asked why God for four thousand years made Himself known to this nation only, and left all the rest in darkness?"

Martyn had, through his conversation with all who sought for discussion, "a great and effectual door opened" to him for declaring the truth as it is in Jesus; and unwilling that any should lose an opportunity of hearing of Christ, he received any who were anxious to come. Strict as he was in the observance of Sunday,

he admitted them even on that day to speak with him, for he had learnt the import of the words, "I will have mercy, and not sacrifice."

In the middle of July he removed to a garden in the suburb of the city, where his kind host had pitched a tent for him, to relieve the tedium of confinement within the walls of Shiraz; and here he was able to pursue his work without interruption. "Living amidst clusters of grapes, by the side of a clear stream, and frequently sitting under the shade of an orange tree, which Jaffier Ali Khan delighted to point out to visitors, until the day of his own departure, he passed many a tranquil hour, and enjoyed many a Sabbath of holy rest and Divine refeshment."

However, he was soon in the heat and dust of the conflict again; for after a Sunday quiet, happy, and peaceful, we hear of his engaging in his first public controversy with the Mahometans. After some demurs, the Mŏojtuhid, or Professor of Mahometan Law, consented to a discussion upon religious topics. He was a man of great consequence in Shiraz, and was appealed to on all matters connected with his profession; so that in all that respected rank, prejudice, popularity, and reputation for learning, the advantage was on his side. Martyn, however, did not shrink from what, in some ways, was an unequal contest, for he knew whom he believed. Nor was his trust misplaced; and with such wisdom and skill did he conduct the controversy, that a general spirit of inquiry was stirred up in the city of

Shiraz. So great was the interest excited that the Preceptor of all the Moollahs, fearing whereunto this would grow, published a defence of Mahometanism, which gained the credit of surpassing all former treatises upon Islam. The work is said to have been written with much temper and moderation, and with as much candour as is consistent with that degree of subtilty which is indispensable in an apology for so glaring an imposture as Mahometanism.

Martyn set himself at once to refute this treatise; and his reply was divided into two parts: the first being devoted principally to an attack upon Mahometanism, the second being intended to display the evidences and establish the authority of the Christian faith. It was written in Persian; and from a translation of the first part, which has been found, it appears that Martyn used great plainness of speech, whilst at the same time he treated his opponent with meekness and courtesy.

We learn from Martyn's journal at this time that although there were individuals who professed Mahometanism without being animated by the spirit of cruelty and extermination which is a very part of it, he was nevertheless exposed to personal danger, and subjected to contempt and insult. "It is this doctrine" (the Divinity of Christ), he says, "that exposes me to the contempt of the learned Mahometans, in whom it is difficult to say whether pride or ignorance predominates. Their sneers are more difficult to bear than the brick-

bats which the boys sometimes throw at me; however, both are an honour of which I am not worthy. How many times in the day have I occasion to repeat the words,—

'If on my face, for Thy dear name,
Shame and reproaches be,
All hail reproach, and welcome shame,
If Thou remember me.'

The more they wish me to give up one point, the Divinity of Christ, the more I seem to feel the necessity of it, and rejoice to glory in it. Indeed, I trust I would sooner give up my life than surrender it."

Martyn's mathematical studies were invaluable to him now, inasmuch as they not only had given him a habit of patient and persevering inquiry, but there were many occasions in which this and other sciences were of the greatest service to the cause which he had at heart. His knowledge and attainments procured for him that attention and respect which learning ever secures in countries where the light of civilization shines though but faintly and imperfectly.

Martyn now entertained the hope that his opponent, Mirza Ibraheem, was really seeking to discover the truth. "Mirza, I believe, begins to inquire about the gospel. The objections he made were such as these: 'How sins could be atoned for before they were committed? Whether, as Jesus died for all men, all would be necessarily saved? If faith be the condition of salvation, would wicked Christians be saved, provided they

believed?' I was pleased to see, from the nature of the objections, that he was considering the subject. To his last objection I remarked, that to those who felt themselves sinners and came to God for mercy through Christ, God would give the Holy Spirit, which would progressively sanctify them in heart and life."

Martyn's mind was ever open to those objects of interest which arrest the attention of men of culture and form one great source of intellectual enjoyment. Although his thoughts were chiefly occupied in "holding forth the word of life" to the ignorant and degraded, yet he could also find a mournful pleasure in musing over the fallen grandeur of Persepolis. He has left the following observations on his visit to those interesting remains of antiquity :—

"After traversing these celebrated ruins, I must say that I felt a little disappointed ; they did not at all answer my expectations. The architecture of the ancient Persians seems to be much more akin to that of their more clumsy neighbours, the Indians, than to that of the Greeks. I saw no appearance of grand design anywhere." "But it was impossible not to recollect that here Alexander and his Greeks passed and re-passed, here they sat, and sung, and revelled. Now all is silence; generation on generation lie mingled with the dust of their mouldering edifices.

> 'Alike the busy and the gay
> But flutter in life's busy day,
> In fortune's varying colours dress'd.'

"From the ruins I rode off to a neighbouring village, the head man of which, at the minister's order, paid me every attention. At sunset we set out on our return and lost our way. As I particularly remarked, where we entered the plains, I pointed out the track which afterwards proved to be right; but my opinion was overruled, and we galloped farther and farther away. Meeting at last with some villagers, who were passing the night at their threshing-floor in the field, we were set right. They then conceived so high an idea of my geographical skill, that as soon as we recrossed the Araxes they begged me to point out the Keblah to them, as they wanted to pray. After setting their faces towards Mecca as nearly as I could, I went and sat down on the margin, near the bridge, where the waters, falling over some fragments of a bridge under the arches, produced a roar which, contrasted with the stillness all around, had a grand effect. Then I thought again of the multitudes who had once pursued their labours and pleasures on its banks. Twenty-one centuries have passed away since they lived. How short, in comparison, must be the remainder of my days! What a momentary duration is the life of man! '*Labitur et labetur in omne volubilis ævum,*' may be affirmed of the river, but men pass away as soon as they begin to exist. Well, let the moments pass—

'They'll waft us sooner o'er
This life's tempestuous sea,
And land us on the peaceful shore
Of bless'd eternity.'"

On his return to Shiraz from this journey to the ruins of Persepolis, he witnessed the Ramazan. He gives in his journal an account of this great Mahometan fast, and we learn from it how close an observer he was of all that was going on round about him, and what a just estimate he formed of the events which passed under his eye. We get, too, from his remarks, "a striking view," as his biographer observes, "of the interior of Mahometanism. We plainly discover from them that a love for particular popular preachers, a fiery zeal in religion, a vehement excitation of the animal feelings, as well as rigid austerities, are false criterions of genuine piety; for we see all these in their full perfection amongst the real followers of the Crescent, as well as amongst the pretended disciples of the Cross."

On the last birthday Martyn lived to commemorate, we find this interesting passage from his journal:—

February 18th. "This is my birthday, on which I complete my thirty-first year. The Persian New Testament has been begun, and, I may say, finished in it, as only the last eight chapters of the Revelation remain. Such a painful year I never passed, owing to the privations I have been called to on the one hand, and the spectacle before me of human depravity on the other. But I hope I have not come to this seat of Satan in vain. The word of God has found its way into Persia, and it is not in Satan's power to oppose its progress if the Lord have sent it."

On the 24th of February, 1812, the last sheet of the

New Testament was completed. "I have many mercies," he writes, "in bringing it to a termination, for which I thank the Lord, and this is not the least. Now may that Spirit who gave the word, and called me, I trust, to be an interpreter of it, graciously and powerfully apply it to the hearts of sinners, even to the gathering an elect people from the long-estranged Persians."

By the middle of October he had finished the version of the Psalms in Persian. Alluding to this work he has these words: "A sweet employment which caused six weary moons that waxed and waned since its commencement to pass unnoticed."

Martyn had now been a resident at Shiraz for ten months, and during the whole of this time he had been constantly engaged in refuting the errors of the people among whom his lot was cast. He never shrank from confessing Christ before men, but gladly embraced every occasion of avowing "whose he was, and whom he served." He was led on one occasion into a remarkable discussion with Mirza Ibraheem. It took place in a court, the palace of one of the Persian princes, where a numerous body of Moollahs were collected, with Mirza Ibraheem at their head. Martyn stood up in the assembly alone, and advocated, without flinching, the claims of the Christian faith. The fear of God cast out every other fear. In the midst of the Mahometan conclave he proclaimed and maintained that fundamental principle of Christianity, the Divinity of the only begotten Son of God.

After this intrepid confession of the Deity of Christ,—when, as his biographer remarks, he might be described in the words applied by Milton to the seraph Abdiel:

> "Faithful found
> Among the faithless: faithful only he
> Among innumerable false, unmoved,
> Unshaken, unreduced, unterrified,
> His loyalty he kept, his zeal, his love"—

Martyn remained only a short time at Shiraz. On the evening of the 24th of May, one year after entering Persia, he left Shiraz in company with an English clergyman, intending to lay before the king his translation of the New Testament. Finding, however, that without a letter of introduction from the British ambassador he could not be admitted into the royal presence, he went on to Tabriz, where Sir Gore Ouseley, the minister from the English Court, resided. "His journey from Shiraz to Tabriz was not accomplished in less than eight weeks, including one week spent at Ispahan, and a few days at the king's camp, and the latter part of it was a time of great and unforeseen suffering. Had he known to what peril his life would be subjected, he doubtless would have deemed his object of too insufficient a magnitude to justify his exposing himself to so much danger."

During this journey he was ever "about his Father's business," conversing and "disputing on the things concerning the kingdom of God" at every opportunity, and witnessing before the unbelieving a good confession, and fearlessly acknowledging Jesus as Lord. Many were the

difficulties thrown in his way. Everywhere he met with neglect and contumely and scorn.

"I attended the Vizier's levee, when there was a most intemperate and clamorous controversy kept up for an hour or two, eight or ten on one side, and I on the other. Amongst them were two Moollahs, the most ignorant of any I have yet met with in Persia or India. It would be impossible to enumerate all the absurd things they said. Their vulgarity in interrupting me in the middle of a speech, their utter ignorance of the nature of argument, their impudent assertions about the law and the gospel, neither of which they had ever seen in their lives, moved my indignation a little. I wished, and I said that it would have been well, if Mirza Abdoolwahab had been there. I should have had a man of sense to argue with. The Vizier, who set us going at first, joined in it latterly, and said, 'You had better say, "God is God, and Mahomet is the prophet of God."' I said, 'God is God,' but added instead of 'Mahomet is the Prophet of God,' 'and Jesus is the Son of God.' They had no sooner heard this, which I had avoided mentioning till then, than they all exclaimed, in contempt and anger, 'He is neither born, nor begets,' and rose up, as if they would have torn me in pieces. One of them said, 'What will you say when your tongue is burnt out for such blasphemy?'

One of them felt for me a little, and tried to soften the severity of this speech. My Bible which I had brought, expecting to present it to the king, lay before

Mirza Shufi. As they all rose up after him to go, some to the king, and some away, I was afraid they would trample upon the book, so I went in among them to take it up, and wrapped it in a towel before them, while they looked at it and me with supreme contempt. Thus I walked away alone to my tent, to pass the rest of the day in heat and dirt. What have I done, thought I, to merit all this scorn? Nothing, I trust, but bearing testimony to Jesus. I thought over these things in prayer, and my troubled heart found that peace which Christ hath promised to His disciples."

So it was throughout that painful journey. When he reached Teheran, disappointment awaited him. "A message came from the Vizier to say that it was not the king's custom to see any Englishman, unless presented by the ambassador, or accredited by a letter from him, and that I must wait therefore till the king reached Sultania, where the ambassador would be." Turning his back upon the king's camp, he prosecuted his journey towards Tabriz. On his arrival at the village of Sultania, he met with the usual insulting treatment at the caravansera, where the king's servants had got possession of a good room built for the reception of better sort of guests. "These men," he says, "took delight in the opportunity of humbling an European." From Sultania he proceeded to Zengan, where he and all his party were attacked by ague and fever, and where, if detained a day or two longer, they would be absolutely in want of the necessaries of life. They were without money, and

no one would advance them a piastre. Providentially a poor muleteer, coming from Tabriz, became their security, and obtained for them five tomans. "This was a heaven-send, and we lay down quietly free from apprehensions of being obliged to go a fatiguing journey of eight or ten hours without a house or village in the way, in our present weak and reduced state. We had now eaten nothing for two days, and my mind was much disordered from headache and giddiness, from which I was seldom free; but my heart, I trust, was with Christ and His saints. To live much longer in this world of sickness and pain seemed no way desirable; the most favourite prospects of my heart seemed very poor and childish, and cheerfully would I have exchanged them for the unfading inheritance."

When he and the others had recovered from this attack of fever, and they hoped to resume their journey, Martyn had a relapse which further delayed them. "My ague and fever returned with such a headache that I was almost frantic. Again and again I said to myself, let patience have its perfect work, and kept pleading the promise, 'When thou passest through the waters I will be with thee,' and the Lord did not withhold His presence. A violent perspiration at last relieved the acute pain in my head, and my heart rejoiced; but as soon as that was over, the exhaustion it occasioned, added to the fatigue from the pain, left me in as low a state of depression as ever I was in. I seemed about to sink into a long fainting fit, and I almost wished it, but at this moment, a

little after midnight, I was summoned to mount my horse, and I set out rather dead than alive. We moved on six parasangs. We had a thunderstorm with hail."

At length, in a very weakened state, he arrived at Tabriz on the 5th of July, and reaching the gate, asked for a man to show him the way to the ambassador's.

Here for two months he was laid upon a bed of fever, and was defeated in his intention of presenting in person his translation of the New Testament to the king of Persia, and to the prince his son. He was tenderly and assiduously nursed through his illness by Sir Gore and Lady Ouseley, who paid him all the attention, and rendered him all the care in their power. Sir Gore took so far as he could the edge from Martyn's disappointment, about the personal presentation of the New Testament to the king, by the promise that he himself would present it at court. He did so, and the king publicly expressed his approbation of the work. He also carried the manuscript to St. Petersburg, where, under his superintendence, it was printed and put into circulation.

The idea of returning to England, which first occurred to Martyn at Cawnpore, and which was only abandoned because it appeared to be the Divine will that he should visit Persia, was now again entertained, in the hope that it might be beneficial to his health. What his feelings were on the occasion we learn from the following letters, the one written to Mr. Simeon from the bed of suffering, and the other to Miss Grenfell.

To the first he writes, "I would not pain your heart,

but we who are in Jesus have the privilege of viewing life and death as nearly the same, since both are ours; and I thank a gracious Lord that sickness never came at a time when I was more free from apparent reasons for living. Nothing seemingly remains for me to do but to follow the rest of my family to the tomb."

To Miss Grenfell he writes, "It has pleased God to restore me to life and health again, not that I have recovered my former strength yet, but consider myself sufficiently restored to prosecute my journey. My daily prayer is that my late chastisement may have its intended effect, and make me all the rest of my days more humble, and less self-confident.

"I mentioned my contesting sometimes on Divine subjects. In these I am sometimes led on by the Soofi Persians, and tell them all I know of the very recesses of the sanctuary. But to give an account of all my discussions with these mystic philosophers must be reserved to the time of our meeting. Do I dream, that I venture to think and write of such an event as that? Is it possible that we shall ever meet again below? Though it is possible, I dare not indulge such a pleasing hope.

"In three days I intend setting my horse's head towards Constantinople, distant about one thousand three hundred miles. Nothing, I think, will occasion any further detention here, if I can procure servants who know both Persian and Turkish. Ignorant as I am of Turkish, should I be taken ill on the road, my case would be pitiable indeed.

"The ambassador and his suite are still here. His and Lady Ouseley's attentions to me during my illness have been unremitted. The prince, Abba Mirza, the wisest of the king's sons, and heir to the throne, was here some time after my arrival. I much wished to present a copy of the Persian New Testament to him, but I could not rise from my bed. The Book, however, will be given to him by the ambassador. Public curiosity about the gospel, now for the first time in the memory of the modern Persians introduced into the country, is a good deal excited here and at Shiraz, and at other places, so that upon the whole I am thankful at having been led hither and detained, though my residence in this country has been attended with many unpleasant circumstances. The way of the kings of the East is preparing: thus much may be said with safety, but little more. The Persians also will probably take the lead in the march to Sion."

Martyn also wrote to Mr. Simeon of his return to England in the following manner: "You will learn from Mr. Grant that I have applied for leave to come to England on furlough, a measure you will disapprove; but you would not were you to see the pitiable condition to which I am reduced, and knew what it is to traverse the continent of Asia in the destitute state in which I am. If you wish not to see me, I can say that it is most probable that you will not, the way before being not better than that passed over, which has nearly killed me."

CHAPTER VII.

LAST JOURNEY AND DEATH.

[1812.]

WITH very faint hopes of ever seeing England, he set out on his long journey on the 2nd of September, 1812. He carried letters from Sir Gore Ouseley for the Governors of Erivan, Kars, and Erzeroum, and the ambassador at Constantinople. His party consisted of two Armenian servants, Antoine, the groom, and Sergius, who was to accompany him to Constantinople as interpreter, because he professed to speak both Persian and Turkish. His knowledge of Persian Martyn soon discovered to be very small. His attendants were mounted, and two other horses carried his baggage, while Martyn rode his own. There was also a man on foot to bring back the cattle. At sunset the party left the western gate of Tabriz behind them. The horses proved to be sorry animals. One sunk so often under his load that they were six hours going three or four parasangs. At midnight they arrived at Sangla, a village in the middle of the plain of Tabriz, where a place was procured for Martyn in the Zabit's house. The next afternoon the party proceeded towards Sofian.

Martyn thus describes his feelings as with restored health he pursued his journey, and looked on the scenery through which he passed: "The plain of Tabriz, towards the west and south-west, stretches away to an immense distance, and is bounded in these directions by mountains so remote, as appear, from their soft blue, to blend with the skies. The baggage having been sent on before, I ambled on with my Mihmander, looking all around me, and especially towards the distant hills, with gratitude and joy. Oh, it is necessary to have been confined to a bed of sickness to know the delight of moving freely through the works of God with the senses left at liberty to enjoy their proper objects. My attendants not being very conversant with Persian, we rode silently along; for my part I could not have enjoyed any companion so much as I did my own feelings. At sunset we reached Sofian, a village with gardens, at the north-west end of the plain, usually the first stage from Tabriz. The Zabit was in his cornfield, under a little tent, inspecting his labourers, who were cutting the straw fine so as to be eaten by cattle. This was done by drawing over it a cylinder, armed with blades of a triangular form, placed in different planes, so that their vertices should coincide in the cylinder.

"The Zabit paid me no attention, but sent a man to show me a place to sleep in with only three walls. demanded another with four, and was accordingly conducted to a weaver's, where, notwithstanding the mosquitoes and other vermin, I passed the night comfort-

ably enough. On my offering money, the Mihmander interfered, and said if it were known that I had given money, he should be ruined; and added, 'they indeed dare not take it,' but this I did not find to be the case."

So he travelled onward day by day, though "troubled on every side, yet not distressed; perplexed, yet not in despair"; his trust in God, and able to enjoy the beauty and interest of the scenes through which he journeyed.

September 6th. "Soon after twelve we started with fresh horses and came to the Arar or Araxes, distant two parasangs, and about as broad as the Isis, with a current as strong as that of the Ganges. The ferry-boat being on the other side, I lay down to sleep till it came; but observing my servants do the same, I was obliged to get up and exert myself. It dawned, however, before we got over. The boat was a huge fabric in the form of a rhombus. The ferryman had only a stick to push with; an oar, I daresay, he had never seen or heard of; and many of my train had also probably never floated before, so alien is a Persian from everything that belongs to shipping. We landed safely on the other side in about ten minutes. We were four hours in reaching Nackshan, and for half an hour more I was led from street to street, till at last I was lodged in a wash-house belonging to a great man, a corner of which was cleaned out for me. It was near noon, and my baggage had not arrived, so that I was obliged to go without my breakfast, which was hard after a ride of four hours in the sun. The baggage was delayed so long that I began to fear;

however, it arrived. All the afternoon I slept, and at sunset rose and continued wakeful till midnight, when I roused my people and with fresh horses set out again. We travelled till sunrise. I scarcely perceived we had been moving, a Hebrew word in the 16th Psalm having led me gradually to speculations on the eighth conjugation of the Arabic verb. I am glad my philological curiosity is revived, as my mind will be less liable to idleness."

It is thus again that he writes of one of the most celebrated heights of Scripture which came into view at Nackshan: "I should have mentioned that on descending into the plain Nackshan, my attention was seized by the appearance of a hoary mountain in front, at the other end, rising so high above the rest that they sunk into nothing. It was truly sublime, and the interest it excited was not less when, on inquiring its name, I was told it was Agri, or Ararat. Thus I saw two remarkable objects in one day,—the Araxes and Ararat. At four in the afternoon we set out for Shurrer. The evening was pleasant. The ground over which we passed was all full of rich cultivation and verdure, watered by many a stream, and containing forty villages, most of them with the usual appendage of gardens. To add to the scene, the great Ararat was on our left. On the peak of that hill the whole Church was contained. It has now spread far and wide to the ends of the earth, but the ancient vicinity of it knows it no more. I fancied many a spot where Noah perhaps offered his sacrifices; and the

promise of God, "that seed-time and harvest should not cease," appeared, to me, more anxiously fulfilled in the agreeable plain where it was spoken than elsewhere, as I had not seen such fertility in any part of the Shah's dominion. Here the blessed Saint landed in a new world. So may I, safe in Christ, outride the storms of life, and land at last on one of the everlasting hills."

On the 18th of September, after several days of travel, during which he had an interview with the patriarch of the Armenian Church, with whom and other members of that communion he had some interesting conversation, he left the plain of Ararat. It was here that the following incident occurred which shows how narrowly he at times escaped dangers which threatened his life :—

"Meeting with the Araxes again, I undressed and plunged into the stream. While hastening forward with the trusty Melcom, to rejoin my party, we were overtaken by a spearman with a lance of formidable length. I did not think it likely that one man would venture to attack two, both armed; but the spot was a noted one for robbers, and very well calculated by its solitariness for deeds of privacy. However, he was friendly enough. He had, however, nearly done me a mischief. On the bank of the river we sprung a covey of partridges. Instantly he laid his long lance under him across the horse's back, and fired a pistol at them. His horse starting at the report, came upon mine with the point of the spear directly towards me, so that I thought a

wound for myself or horse was inevitable, but the spear passed under my horse."

He proceeded on his journey through places which since his time have come into prominence, and from events that are now historical, are more generally known than they were then, such as Erzeroum and Kars. Sometimes his path lay through the crowded streets of the busy town, and sometimes through the wooded forest, at others over many a hill and dale.

It is thus he describes the incidents of one day's journey :—

September 23rd. "Our way lay through a forest of firs, and the variety of prospect it afforded, of hill and dale, wood and lawn, was beautiful and romantic. No mark of human workmanship was anywhere visible for miles, except where some trees had fallen by the stroke of the woodman. We saw, at last, a few huts in the thickest clumps, and that is all we saw of the Kurds, for fear of whom I was attended by ten armed horsemen. We frightened a company of villagers again to-day. They were bringing wood and grass from the forest, and on seeing us, drew up. One of our party advanced and fired. Such a rash piece of sport I thought must have been followed by serious mischief, but all passed off very well. With the forest I was delighted. The clear streams in the valleys, the lofty trees crowning the summits of the hills, the smooth paths winding away and losing themselves in the dark woods, and above all, the solitude that reigned, composed a scene that tended

to harmonize and solemnize the mind. What displays of taste and magnificence are there occasionally on this ruined earth! Nothing was wanting to-day but the absence of the Turks, to avoid the sight and sound of whom I rode on. After a ride of nine hours and a half, we reached Mijingud, in the territory of Erzeroum, and resolved not to be annoyed in the same way as last night. I left the Tartar in the undisturbed possession of the post-house, and took up my quarters at an Armenian's, where in the stable-room I expected to be left alone, but a Georgian young man on his way from Ech-Miazin, going on pilgrimage to Moosk, where John the Baptist is supposed to be buried, presuming on his assiduous attentions to me, contrived to get a place for himself in the same room."

The following extract from his journal, amongst the last which he penned, gives us an account of his state of body and mind at this time, when he was drawing near the close of his heroic life.

October 1st. "Marched over a mountainous tract. We were out from seven in the morning till eight at night. After sitting a little by the fire, I was near fainting from sickness. My depression of spirits led me to the throne of grace as a sinful abject worm. When I thought of myself and my transgressions, I could find no text so cheering as, 'My ways are not your ways.' By the men who accompanied Sir William Ouseley to Constantinople, I learned that the plague was raging at Constantinople, and thousands dying every day.

One of the Persians had died of it. They added that the inhabitants of Tocat were flying from their town from the same cause. Thus I am passing inevitably into imminent danger. O Lord, Thy will be done! Living or dying, remember me!"

It was not wonderful that the daily fatigue of travel, and the alternations of heat and cold, along with the privations which he suffered, should tell injuriously on his weakened frame.

What a record of suffering have we in this narrative of his journey as he makes for Tocat!

October 2nd. "Some hours before day sent to tell the Tartar I was ready; but Hasan Agra was for once riveted to his bed. However, at eight, having got strong horses, he set off at a great rate; and over the level ground he made us gallop as fast as the horses could go to Chifflick, where we arrived at sunset. I was lodged, at my request, in the stable of the post-house, not liking the scrutinising impudence of the fellows who frequent the coffee-room. As soon as it began to grow a little cold, the ague came on, and then the fever; after which I had a sleep that let me know too plainly the disorder of my frame. In the night Hasan sent to summon me away, but I was quite unable to move. Finding me still in bed at the dawn, he began to storm furiously at my detaining him so long; but I gently let him spend his ire, ate my breakfast composedly, and set out at eight. He seemed determined to make up for the delay, for we flew over hill

and vale to Sherean, where he changed horses. From thence we travelled all the rest of the day and all night. It rained most of the time. Soon after sunset the ague came on again, which in my wet state was very trying. I hardly knew how to keep my life in me. About that time there was a village at hand, but Hasan had no mercy. At one in the morning we found two men under a wain, with a good fire. They could not keep the rain out, but their fire was acceptable. I dried my lower extremities, allayed the fever by drinking a good deal of water, and went on. We had little rain, but the night was pitchy dark, so that I could not see where the road was under my horse's feet. However, God being mercifully pleased to alleviate my bodily sufferings, I went on contentedly to the Munzil, where we arrived at break of day. After sleeping three or four hours, I was visited by an Armenian merchant for whom I had a letter. Hasan was in great fear of being arrested here; the governor of the city had vowed to make an example of him for riding to death a horse belonging to a man of this place. He begged that I would shelter him in case of danger; his being claimed by an Englishman, he said, would be a sufficient security. I found, however, that I had no occasion to interfere. He hurried me away from this place without delay, and galloped furiously towards a village which he said was four hours' distance, which was all I could undertake in my present weak state. But village after village did he pass, till, night coming on, and no signs of another, I suspected

that he was carrying me to the Munzil; so I got off my horse, and sat upon the ground, and told him I neither could nor would go any farther. He stormed, but I was immovable, till, a light appearing at a distance, I mounted my horse and made towards it, leaving him to follow or not, as he pleased. He brought in the party, but would not exert himself to get a place for me. They brought me to an open verandah, but Sergius told them I wanted a place in which to be alone. This seemed very offensive to them. And why must he be alone? they asked, ascribing this desire of mine to pride, I suppose. Tempted at last by money, they brought me to a stable-room, and Hasan and a number of others planted themselves there with me. My fever here increased to a violent degree. The heat in my eyes and forehead was so great that the fire almost made me frantic. I entreated that it might be put out, or that I might be carried out of doors. Neither was attended to. My servant, who from my sitting in that strange way on the ground believed me delirious, was deaf to all I said. At last I pushed my head in among the luggage, and lodged it on the damp ground and slept."

He awoke somewhat refreshed in the morning, though feeling feeble and shaken, and was again hurried off in his journey by the merciless Hasan. He reached the Munzil, which was not far distant, without much difficulty, expecting to find it another strong fort at the end of the pass, whereas it was but a poor little

village in the jaws of the mountains. Here he was fairly lodged, and felt tolerably well, till a little after sunset, when the ague returned with a violence he had never experienced before. He felt as if in a palsy, his teeth chattering, and his whole frame violently shaken. Two Persians on their way from Constantinople going to Abbas Mirza, rendered him what assistance they could, and their kindness contrasted favourably with the indifference of the Turks. Hasan only thought of the delay his illness was likely to occasion. The cold fit, after two or three hours, was followed by a fever which lasted the whole night, and prevented sleep.

His sorrows, however, were near an end. A few days longer, and for him sorrow and sighing should be no more. "He had fought the good fight, and kept the faith." He had been found faithful unto death, and the crown of life was being prepared for his brows. Soon would the starry portals of heaven open to admit his soul among the choir of the redeemed.

His last recorded words were these :—

Oct. 6th. "No horses being to be had, I had an unexpected repose. I sat in the orchard, and thought with sweet comfort and peace of my God;—in solitude,—my company, my Friend and Comforter. Oh, when shall time give place to eternity? When shall appear that new heaven and new earth wherein dwelleth righteousness? There—there shall in no wise enter in anything that defileth; none of that wickedness which has made men worse than wild beasts; none

of those corruptions that add still more to the miseries of mortality, shall be seen or heard of any more."

Ten days after these heavenly aspirations—on the 16th of October, 1812—at the early age of thirty-two, either falling a victim to the plague, or sinking under the fever which had so greatly reduced his strength, Martyn entered the presence of the Saviour, "whom having not seen he loved, and in whom, though he now saw Him not, yet believing he rejoiced with joy unspeakable and full of glory."

There is something pathetic in the thought of that lonely death-bed in a foreign land. No kinsman was near to watch his last look, or receive his last words. No friend stood by his couch to whisper encouraging words, to close his eyes, or wipe the death-sweat from his brow. Those whose privilege it would have been to perform these last offices of love were anxiously expecting tidings of his arrival either in India or England. For they knew that he was hastening home with the hope of repairing his shattered strength, that he might again devote himself to the work of evangelizing the East. And what fond thoughts of his native land, of affectionate relatives and friends, and of all that made England dear, may have rushed in a flood of thrilling hopes and anticipations on his soul! It may have been with him as it was with the traveller who laid him down to die on the burning sands of Africa, before whose closing eyes came floating up

visions of the past, and in whose ears there rang old familiar voices, and who said in almost his last words: "I have just heard the sound of an English funeral bell."

But however apparently lonely Martyn's dying bed, and whatever yearning thoughts of friends and country may have crossed his mind, of one thing we may be certain, that he was not alone; that Christ was near to "loose the silver cord, and break the golden bowl" at the fountain; yea, we may be very sure that "underneath were the everlasting arms, and the eternal God his refuge."

His death could not fail of making a great impression on all to whom the cause and kingdom of the Lord Jesus Christ was dear. "He was in our hearts," writes the Rev. Mr. Thomason; "we honoured him, we loved him, we thanked God for him, we prayed for his longer continuance amongst us; we rejoiced in the good he was doing; we are sadly bereaved. When such fervent piety, and extensive knowledge, and vigorous understanding, and classical taste, and unwearied application, were all united, what might not have been expected? I cannot dwell upon the subject without feeling very sad. I stand upon the walls of Jerusalem, and see the lamentable breach that has been made in them; but it is the Lord,—'He gave, and He hath taken away.'"

"A more perfect character," says the Rev. Dr. Corrie, "I never met with, nor expect to see again on earth. During the four years we were fellow-labourers

in this country, I had no less than six opportunities of enjoying his company, and every opportunity only increased my love and veneration for him."

Sir James Stephen says that "Martyn's is the one heroic name which adorns the annals of the English Church from the days of Elizabeth to our own"; and whether we agree or not in an assertion so sweeping and so wide, considering the many devoted men and ardent missionaries which that Church has nourished within her fold, we can crown him with all a hero's honours, for he forsook all for Christ, and "loved not his life unto the death."

It may truly be affirmed of him that "he, being dead, yet speaketh." "Tidings of the death of Henry Martyn," says Sir James Stephen, "reached England during the parliamentary debates on the renewal of the East India Company's Charter, and gave new impetus to the zeal with which the friends and patrons of his youth were then contending for the establishment of an episcopal see at Calcutta, and for the removal of all restraints on the diffusion of Christianity within its limits."

Many a Christian has been roused to greater zeal, and stirred to higher attainments in holiness by Martyn's example; and many a young man, stimulated by the same pattern, has left all to become a missionary of the Cross. Mr. Simeon used to say when he looked at his picture: "Look at that blessed man; be in earnest; don't trifle, don't trifle."

It may be interesting to quote here the lines written on the tomb of this saint and martyr by Lord Macaulay :—

> "Here Martyn lies! In manhood's early bloo
> The Christian hero found a Pagan tomb;
> Religion, sorrowing o'er her favourite son,
> Points to the glorious trophies which he won.
> Eternal trophies, not with slaughter red,
> Not stained with tears by hopeless captives shed;
> But trophies of the Cross. For that dear name
> Through every form of danger, death, and shame,
> Onward he journeyed to a happier shore,
> Where danger, death, and shame are known no more."

Not altogether melancholy are the thoughts with which we contemplate that lonely grave at Tocat. "Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord"; and they that have served God in the martyr's spirit shall be rewarded with the martyr's crown. The resting-places of the just can never be connected in our minds with what is sad: rather are they associated with honour, and reverence and love. Nor is there the tomb of any one of India's conquerors, however decorated and adorned, however made the subject of the poet's eulogy or the historian's praise, that is to be chosen in preference to the humble grave of Henry Martyn. In consecrating his life to God, he did deeds which attract the admiration of heaven, and whose issues shall be felt to the furthest eternity. He lacked the honours that come from man, but his record is on high. By preaching the gospel to the ignorant, and by causing languages,

hitherto dumb as regards its glorious truths, to speak through them to the heart and to the conscience, he made the oracles of God accessible to millions, and became the author of blessings which shall never be known till time shall be no more. His reward may not have been such as follows the hero of the age, and who receives the loud applause of mankind, but it is one better, nobler, and more enduring; and when thrones have crumbled, and empires have sunk into ruin, and when heaven and earth have passed away, the crown shall sparkle on his brow, and the palm wave greenly in his hand. Meanwhile his name is enshrined in the great heart of the Church's love; nor will it ever cease to blend with her most cherished recollections, until she pass from her militant into her triumphant condition, when it shall be lost in the brighter glories of that "new name which no man knoweth, saving he that receiveth it," and which is to be given to all who overcome.

"What is the meaning of the Christian life?
Is it success? or vulgar wealth? a name?
Is it a weary struggle,—a mean strife
For rank, low gauds, ambition, or for fame?
What sow we for? The world? For fleeting time?
Or far-off harvests, richer, more sublime?

'The brightest life on earth was one of loss;
The noblest head was wreathed with sharpest thorn
Has *He* not consecrated pain—the Cross?
What higher crown can Christian brows adorn?
Be we content to follow on the road
Which men count failure, but which leads to God!"

CHAPTER VIII.

SELECTIONS FROM MARTYN'S CORRESPONDENCE.

IT has been thought well to give a few letters from Martyn's correspondence, selected out of many. They are taken from different periods of his life, beginning with his college days, extending over his sojourn in India and Persia, and concluding with a letter written a few months before his death. They will show what manner of man he was, and as the date of each letter is given, they will serve to illustrate his biography.

Amongst them will be found some to Miss Grenfell, with whom he kept up a correspondence to the close of his life. The last letter is to her. Many of his letters are necessarily excluded from the present volume, and those only are printed which, it is thought, will contain the greatest interest for the reader. Those to Miss Grenfell were bequeathed by her to his biographer and friend, the Rev. John Sargent, that after her death he might use them for publication if he thought fit.

The letters cannot fail of possessing an interest for all to whom "the memory of the just is blessed," for they throw a light on Martyn's character, on his peculiar temperament, and the trials and temptations to which he was exposed. As we read them we may not approve of every

sentiment, or endorse every opinion, but they sketch for us the portrait of a man of eminent humility, and of singular faith and love.

The letters are placed at the close of his biography, rather than in the life itself, that the narrative may not be broken more than is necessary by the insertion of the correspondence. As the dates are given with the letters, they can easily be used by the reader, if he wishes to refer to the particular time at which they were written, or to the special place where they were penned.

To the Rev. John Sargent.

"*Swansea, August 9th*, 1802.

"Dear Sargent,—You see by the date of my letter that I have almost reached the end of my long pilgrimage. Our first resting-place was Wenlock in Shropshire, from whence we went on the Sunday to Madeley Church. You must have heard of Mr. Fletcher, who was formerly rector of this place. We were introduced to Mrs. F—— by a young man who first introduced himself to us. We took some coffee with him afterwards, and he told us he had formerly been a cornet in the 15th Light Dragoons, but had retired from the world, and had now lived in solitude nearly three years, employed in nothing but reading the Bible and visiting the sick. He was perfectly meek and gentle in his manners, and seemed quite happy. I leave you to make your own reflections on this phenomenon. From Wenlock we became pedestrians, and went successively to Shrewsbury, the Vale of Llangollen, and Chester, from whence we sailed down the Mersey to Liverpool; from this place I proceeded to Holywell, etc., alone.

"Thus have I been preserved by the protecting providence of God, and been endued with bodily strength to accomplish my journey with ease. I have never once wished for a companion; even in the most gloomy moments I have found the Bible a never-failing source of interesting thought."

To the Same.

"*St. John's, January 17th*, 1803.

"My dear Sargent,—I find from ——, that you really expect me to fulfil a promise I never made. However, as you allow me to send you even a skeleton of a letter, I sit down resolved to avail myself of the permission if I find it necessary.

. . . . . .

"G—— and H—— seem to disapprove of my project much, and on this account I have been rather discouraged of late, though not in any degree convinced. It would be more satisfactory to go out with the full approbation of my friends, but it is in vain to attempt to please man. In doubtful cases, we are to use the opinions of others no further than as means of directing our own judgment. My sister has also objected to it, on the score of my deficiency in that deep and solid experience necessary in a missionary. You have taken rooms, I think in the Temple, so that the providence of God seems to have called you irrevocably to the profession of the law. Though I cannot help regretting that one so well qualified to preach the glad tidings of salvation should be called off to labour in the business of this world, yet we may be sure, that whatever is undertaken according to His will, will be attended with His

blessing. You will, I dare say, find a double degree of watchfulness necessary to preserve a proper state of mind. In the case of those who minister in the sanctuary, temporal and spiritual occupations are one; corresponding to the necessity of a superior degree of holiness in those who are to be examples. But in your case, even a common degree of spirituality cannot be maintained without much attention. Many have found that occasional aspirations after God have been made the channels of the communications of His grace in the midst of worldly business, and have left the mind not disqualified for the employments of heaven. Indeed, this seems to be a good criterion of our state. For surely the new-born soul never more truly acts according to its heavenly nature, than when it delights to shake off the clogs of earth, and to leave the world beneath it, and to rise exultingly to God. Though it is hard to be thus minded, yet it is undoubtedly our privilege; but nothing but almighty grace is sufficient for these things, as the coldness we all feel manifests. I have been reading Hopkins's sermons to-day. I would give you my opinion of them (I could willingly fill the sheet), but the time does not allow me. Therefore, adieu."

TO THE SAME.

"*St. John's, June 30th*, 1803.

"Dear Sargent,—

. . . . . .

"I feel ashamed that you express any satisfaction in corresponding with me. God only knows how poor and shallow I am; and if any good should ever arise to you by my means, it must be ascribed to His wisdom, who

can use the meanest instruments to effect His purposes. What shall I say to Him for giving me such a friend as you are likely to prove! One who fears not to give offence by speaking the truth, and who would seek to improve the spirit, rather than please the flesh. . . . May you, as long as you shall give me your acquaintance, direct me to the casting down of all high imaginations. Possibly it may be a cross to you to tell me or any one of his faults. But should I be at last a castaway, or at least dishonour Christ through some sin, which, for want of faithful admonition, remained unmortified, how bitter would be your reflections! I conjure you, therefore, my dear friend, as you value the good of the souls to whom I am to preach, and my own eternal interests, that you tell me what you think to be, in my life, spirit, or temper, not according to the will of God my Saviour. You profess your need of humiliation. I wish my own experience could assist you in this the most important part of our sanctification. In examining myself according to your advice on this head, it seems (for the work of inquiry is so exceedingly difficult that I can hardly say with certainty what I have known, or whether I have known anything on this subject) that I seek my humility rather from views of God's greatness and the example of Christ, than of my own corruption. Now, though the former views may assist in producing the effect, yet the impressions arising from them are necessarily transient, whereas that humility which arises from just views of *ourselves* may be as abiding as our own consciousness, and be brought into exercise by everything we do, or speak, or think. It has greatly distressed me to think how slow my heart is to yield to the convictions of reason, how unable to mourn when I

should be lying low in the dust. On reading the words of our Lord to the lukewarm Laodiceans, the form of the words is very striking and comforting: 'Because thou knowest not that thou art wretched, etc., I counsel thee to buy of Me eye-salve, that thou mayest see'; so that there is provision made for those whom of all others God holds most in abhorrence, the blind (to their sins), the hard-hearted, and the proud. Were it not so, what would become of me? Happily for us, 'the covenant is ordered in all things and sure,' and it is not left to our own wisdom, but to that adorable Agent, the Spirit of God, to perform that good work which He hath begun in us. May we be both conformed to the bright image of the Redeemer, especially in meekness and lowliness of heart. I feel for you, lest by a fatal comparison with those around you you should be induced to lower the standard of Christian morality in your own practice. This is a temptation to which I am prone even here. But let us remember that God judgeth according to every man's work, and not relatively. He marks his secret walk, and His view of him is precisely the same, whatever be the change of the opinions of the man of himself, or of others concerning him. Let us then walk in the Spirit. . . .

"D—— has heard about a religious young man of seventeen, who wants to come to College, but has only £20 a year. He is very clever, and, from the perusal of some poems which he has published, I am much interested about him. His name is H. K. White. . . .

"We remembered our friend Sargent at Mr. Simeon's room on Thursday evening. Pray that I may have true piety and fitness for my work.

"Yours ever, HENRY MARTYN."

TO THE SAME.

"*St. John's, November 18th*, 1803.

"I thank you, my dear Sargent, for your prayers on the day of my ordination. I rejoiced to think that many were putting up to heaven for me, for much indeed did I need them. Neither at that time nor since have I been duly affected with the awfulness of the charge. The incessant employment of sermon-writing has left me little leisure for quiet consideration, and so my spirits have been greatly depressed the last three weeks. The four sermons I have preached are on Job xiv. 14, John iv. 10, Ps. ix. 17, Heb. vi. 11, two of them at Trinity Church. My Lolworth congregation is about one hundred. Now that the composition of sermons will become easier, I hope to perform all the duties of the ministry with more attention than I have yet been able to give. Time and prayer will, I trust, through the grace of God, remove that childish thoughtlessness which attends me still, and makes me feel where I stand. . . . My conversations with —— have been attended with no small advantage to me in the way of wholesome correction. He is the only man of all my friends here that tells me the truth plainly, and so is the only one who, by lowering my pride, eventually promotes my sanctification and peace. . . .

"As you have read law, tell me your opinion of him. He is rather a favourite of mine, though not without his faults. It seems, by what your friends here say, that you do not engage with sufficient earnestness in your worldly business. I hardly know what to give as my opinion on this subject. The law is so very different from all other

pursuits in the time and labour required for it. Yet, on the other hand, there is Sir Matthew Hale. . . . I never hear a word about the missionary business. If you see Mr. Wilberforce, and his mind is not too much occupied about the present affairs of national danger, ask him something about it.

"I am, dear Sargent,

"Yours ever truly,

"H. MARTYN."

TO THE SAME.

"*St. John's, January 9th*, 1804.

"I heard of the death of your brother, my dear Sargent, some time ago, but I had neither inclination nor leisure to write to you immediately after. I hope the first impressions of grief are now somewhat worn away, but that you retain that blessed effect of sanctified sorrow, a tender spirit, which to me at this time appears so desirable that I could be willing to suffer anything or do anything to obtain it. I should judge by your account that he could have hardly attained the age of moral agency, and so we may hope he is among those of whom it is said, 'Of such is the kingdom of heaven.' I trust that the melancholy event has, in answer to your prayers, been beneficial to ——. If not yet in the degree you could wish, yet cease not to pray for her. But how can I encourage you to a duty in which I am so languid myself, so seldom disposed to 'stir up myself to lay hold upon God'? How necessary is self-denial in this as well as every other duty, through the corruption that is in us. Sometimes I feel the most ardent and strong resolutions to fight manfully, to exert all the powers of

the soul unceasingly in mortifying the flesh, but these resolves are short-lived; sometimes through forgetfulness, sometimes through weakness, I find myself giving way to ever-craving self-indulgence. . . .

"I thank you for the kind interest you take in my missionary plans; but unless Providence should see fit to restore our property, I see no possibility of my going out. Most probably, after all, I shall be settled at Calcutta, in that post which Mr. Grant is so anxious to procure some one to fill, for by this the pecuniary difficulties which attend my going out would be removed. . . .

You told me some time ago that the multiplicity of business which would attend me as Mr. Simeon's curate would leave little time for reflection on my future plans, and truly I find your prediction fulfilled, for the composition of sermons and preparing for the societies confines the hours of devotion into far too small a compass. Nevertheless, I have found my spirit disciplined by these more active parts of the ministry, so as to perform with willingness those duties from which once I used to shrink. . . .

"Farewell, my dear brother, amidst all the afflictions of the gospel, and truly they are not few, we shall also be made partakers of its consolations. The contemplation of the eternal world is of necessity my chief happiness, and yours, I hope, by choice, for though this world demands your attention more than mine, you have learnt to give it its right value. In our Father's house there are, I humbly hope, mansions prepared for us, purchased only by the blood of Jesus, who will also keep that which we have committed to Him till that day.

"H. M."

TO THE SAME.

"*Lamorran, August 6th*, 1804.

"My dear Sargent,—How can I sufficiently adore the singular benefits of God to my family; we are now brothers and sisters for eternity. How cheerfully can I now go forth to proclaim the glories of Him who hath done so much for us!

. . . . . .

"Respecting your approaching union with that excellent lady, I have nothing to add at present, but that you have my prayers, both of you; and particularly does it seem to me a necessary petition that you may not in your mutual affection forget the Saviour. May He Himself show us the vanity of the enjoyments of this world; and instead of pleasing ourselves with the prospect of a happy continuance in it, let us contemplate with greater satisfaction the moment of our departure from it.

. . . . . .

TO MISS GRENFELL.

"*Serampore, July 30th*, 1806.

"My dearest Lydia,—On a subject so intimately connected with my happiness and future ministry as that on which I am now about to address you, I wish to assure you that I am not acting with precipitancy, or without much consideration and prayer, while I at last sit down to request you to come out to me to India.

"May the Lord graciously direct His blind and erring creature, and not suffer the natural bias of his mind to lead him astray. You are acquainted with much of the conflict I have undergone on your account. It has been

greater than you or Emma have imagined, and yet not so painful as I deserve to have found it for having suffered my affections to fasten so inordinately on an earthly object.

"Soon, however, after my final departure from Europe God in great mercy gave me deliverance, and favoured me throughout the voyage with peace of mind, indifference about all worldly connections, and devotedness to no object upon earth but the work of Christ. I gave you up entirely—not the smallest expectation remained in my mind of ever seeing you again till we should meet in heaven; and the thought of this separation was the less painful from the consolatory persuasion that our own Father had so ordered it for our mutual good. I continued from that time to remember you in my prayers only as a Christian sister, though one very dear to me. On my arrival in this country I saw no reason at first for supposing that marriage was advisable for a missionary—or rather the subject did not offer itself to my mind. The Baptist missionaries indeed recommended it, and Mr. Brown; but not knowing any proper person in this country, they were not very pressing upon the subject, and I accordingly gave no attention to it. After a very short experience and inquiry afterwards, my own opinions began to change; and when a few weeks ago we received your welcome letter and others from Mr. Simeon and Colonel Sandys, both of whom spoke of you in reference to me, I considered it even as a call from God to satisfy myself concerning His will. From the account which Mr. Simeon received of you from Mr. Thomason, he seemed in his letter to me to regret that he had so strongly dissuaded me from thinking about you at the time of my leaving England. Colonel Sandys spoke in

such terms of you, and of the advantages to result from your presence in this country, that Mr. B. became very earnest for me to endeavour to prevail upon you. Your letter to me perfectly delighted him, and induced him to say that you would be the greatest aid to the mission I could possibly meet with. I knew my own heart too well not to be distrustful of it, especially as my affections were again awakened, and accordingly all my labour and prayers have been to check their influence, that I might see clearly the path of duty.

"Though I dare not say that I am under no bias, yet from every view of the subject I have been able to take, after balancing the advantages and disadvantages that may ensue to the cause in which I am engaged, always in prayer for God's direction, my reason is fully convinced of the expediency, I had almost said the necessity, of having you with me. It is possible that my reason may still be obscured by passion; let it suffice, however, to say that now with a safe conscience, and the enjoyment of the Divine presence, I calmly and deliberately make the proposal to you—and blessed be God if it be not His will to permit it; still this step is not advancing beyond the limits of duty, because there is a variety of ways by which God can prevent it, without suffering any dishonour to His cause. If He shall forbid it, I think that, by His grace, I shall even then be contented and rejoice in the pleasure of corresponding with you. Your letter dated December, 1805, was the first I received (your former having been taken in the *Bell* packet); and I found it so animating that I could not but reflect on the blessedness of having so dear a counsellor always near me. I can truly say, and God is my witness, that my principal desire in this affair is that you may promote

the kingdom of God in my own heart, and be the means of extending it to the heathen. My own earthly comfort and happiness are not worth a moment's notice. I would not, my dearest Lydia, influence you by any artifices or false representations. I can only say that if you have a desire of being instrumental in establishing the blessed Redeemer's kingdom among these poor people, and will condescend to do it by supporting the spirits and animating the zeal of a weak messenger of the Lord who is apt to grow very dispirited and languid, 'Come, and the Lord be with you!' It can be nothing but a sacrifice on your part, to leave your valuable friends to come to one who is utterly unworthy of you or any other of God's precious gifts; but you will have your reward, and I ask it not of you or of God for the sake of my own happiness, but only on account of the gospel. If it be not calculated to promote it, may God in His mercy withhold it. For the satisfaction of your friends, I should say that you will meet with no hardships. The voyage is very agreeable, and with the people and country of India I think you will be much pleased. The climate is very fine—the so much dreaded heat is really nothing to those who will employ their minds in useful pursuits. Idleness will make people complain of everything. The natives are the most harmless and timid creatures I ever met with. The whole country is the land of plenty and peace. Were I a missionary among the Esquimaux or Boschemen I should never dream of introducing a female into such a scene of danger or hardship, especially one whose happiness is dearer to me than my own; but here there is universal tranquillity—though the multitudes are so great that a missionary need not go three miles from his house without having a congregation of many

thousands. You would not be left in solitude if I were to make any distant excursion, because no chaplain is stationed where there is not a large English society. My salary is abundantly sufficient for the support of a married man, the house and number of people kept by each company's servant being such as to need no increase for a family establishment. As I must make the supposition of your coming, though it may be perhaps a premature liberty, I should give you some directions. This letter will reach you about the latter end of the year. It would be very desirable if you could be ready for the February fleet, because the voyage will be performed in far less time than at any other season. George will find out the best ship; one in which there is a lady of high rank in the service would be preferable. You are to be considered as coming as a visitor to Mr. Brown, who will write to you or to Colonel Sandys, who is best qualified to give you directions about the voyage. Should I be up the country on your arrival in Bengal, Mr. Brown will be at hand to receive you, and you will find yourself immediately at home. As it will highly expedite some of the plans which we have in agitation that you should know the language as soon as possible, take Gilchrist's Indian Stranger's Guide, and occasionally on the voyage learn some of the words.

"If I had room I might enlarge on much that would be interesting to you. In my conversations with Marshman, the Baptist missionary, our hearts sometimes expand with delight and joy at the prospect of seeing all these nations of the East receive the doctrine of the Cross. He is a happy labourer, and I only wait, I trust, to know the language to open my mouth boldly and make known the mystery of the gospel. My romantic

notions are for the first time almost realized, for, in addition to the beauties of sylvan scenery, may be seen the more delightful object of multitudes of simple people sitting in the shade listening to the words of eternal life. Much as yet is not done, but I have seen many discover by their looks while Marshman was preaching that their hearts were tenderly affected. My post is not yet determined; we expect, however, it will be Patna, a civil station, where I shall not be under military command. As you are so kindly anxious about my health, I am happy to say that through mercy my health is far better than it ever was in England.

"The people of Calcutta are very desirous of keeping me at the Mission Church, and offer to any evangelical clergyman a chaplain's salary and a house besides. I am, of course, deaf to such a proposal; but it is strange that no one in England is *tempted* by such an inviting situation. I am actually going to mention it to cousin T. H. and Emma. Not, as you may suppose, with much hope of success, but I think that possibly the chapel at Dock may be too much for him, and he will have here a sphere of still greater importance. As this will be sent by the Overland Despatch there is some danger of its not reaching you; you will therefore receive a duplicate, and perhaps a triplicate by the ships that will arrive in England a month or two after. I cannot write now to any of my friends. I will therefore trouble you, if you have opportunity, to say that I have received no letters since I left England but one from each of these—Cousin T. and Emma, Simeon, Sargent, Bates; of my own family I have heard nothing. Assure any of them whom you may see of the continuance of my affectionate regard, especially dear Emma. I did not know that it was

permitted me to write to you, or I fear she would not have found me so faithful a correspondent on the voyage. As I have heretofore addressed you through her, it is probable that I may be now disposed to address her through you, or, what will be best of all, that we both of us address her in one letter from India. However, you shall decide, my dearest Lydia; I *must* approve your determination, because with that spirit of simple looking to the Lord, which we both endeavour to maintain, we must not doubt that you will be divinely directed. Till I receive an answer to this, my prayers, you may be assured, will be constantly put up for you that in this affair you may be under an especial guidance, and that in all your ways God may be abundantly glorified by you through Jesus Christ. You say in your letter that *frequently every day* you remember my worthless name before the throne of grace. This instance of extraordinary and undeserved kindness draws my heart towards you with a tenderness which I cannot describe. Dearest Lydia, in the sweet and fond expectation of your being given to me by God, and of the happiness which I humbly hope you yourself might enjoy here, I find a pleasure in breathing out my assurance of ardent love. I have now long loved you most affectionately, and my attachment is more strong, more pure, more heavenly, because I see in you the image of Jesus Christ. I unwillingly conclude by bidding my beloved Lydia adieu.

"H. MARTYN."

TO THE SAME.

"*Serampore, September*, 1806.

"How earnestly do I long for the arrival of my dearest Lydia. Though it may prove at last no more than a waking dream that I ever expected to receive you in India, the hope is too pleasing not to be cherished till I am forbidden any longer to hope. Till I am assured of the contrary, I shall find a pleasure in addressing you as my own. If you are not to be mine you will pardon me, but my expectations are greatly encouraged by the words you used when we parted at Gurlyn, that I had better *go out free*, implying, as I thought, that you would not be unwilling to follow me if I should see it to be the will of God to make the request. I was rejoiced also to see in your letter that you unite your name with mine when you pray that God would keep us both in the path of duty; from this I infer that you are by no means *determined* to remain separate from me. You will not suppose, my dear Lydia, that I mean these little things to influence your conduct, or to implicate you in an engagement. No, I acknowledge that you are perfectly free, and I have no doubt that you will act as the love and wisdom of our God shall direct. Your heart is far less interested in this business than mine, in all probability, and this, on one account, I do not regret, as you will be able to see more clearly the directions of God's providence. About a fortnight ago I sent you a letter accompanying the duplicate of the one sent overland in August. If these shall have arrived safe, you will perhaps have left England before this reaches it. But if not, let me entreat you to delay not a moment. Yet how will my dear

sister Emma be able to part with you and George, but above all your *mother?* I feel very much for you and for them, but I have no doubt at all about your health and happiness in this country.

"The commander-in-chief has at last appointed me to the station of Dinapore, near Patna, and I shall accordingly take my departure for that place as soon as I can make the necessary preparations. It is not exactly the situation I wished for, though, in a temporal point of view, it is desirable enough. The air is good, the living cheap, the salary £1000 a year, and there is a large body of English troops there; but I should have preferred being near Benares, the heart of Hindooism. We rejoice to hear that two other brethren are arrived at Madras on their way to Bengal, sent, I trust, by the Lord to co-operate in overturning the kingdom of Satan in these regions. They are Corrie and Parsons, both Bengal chaplains. Their stations will be Benares and Moorshedabad, one on one side of me, and the other on the other. There are also now ten Baptist missionaries at Serampore. Surely good is intended for this country!

Captain Wickes, the good old Captain Wickes who has brought out so many missionaries to India, is now here. He reminds me of Uncle S——. I have been just interrupted by the blaze of a funeral pile within a hundred yards of my pagoda. I ran out, but the wretched woman had consigned herself to the flames before I reached the spot, and I saw only the remains of her and her husband. O Lord, how long shall it be? Oh, I shall have no rest in my spirit till my tongue is loosed to testify against the devil, and deliver the message of God to these his unhappy bond-slaves. I stammered out something to the wicked Brahmins about the judgments

of God upon them for the murder they had just committed, but they said it was an act of her own free will. Some of the missionaries would have been there, but they are forbidden by the governor-general to preach to the natives in the British territory. Unless this prohibition is revoked by an order from home it will amount to a total suppression of the mission.

"I know of nothing else that will give you a further idea of the state of things here. The two ministers continue to oppose my doctrines with unabated virulence, but they think not that they fight against God. My own heart is at present cold and slothful. Oh that my soul did burn with love and zeal! Surely, were you here I should act with more cheerfulness and activity, with so bright a pattern before me. If Corrie brings me a letter from you, and the fleet is not sailed, which, however, is not likely, I shall write to you again. Colonel Sandys will receive a letter from me and Mr. Brown by this fleet. Continue to remember me in your prayers as a weak brother. I shall always think of you as one to be loved and honoured.

"H. MARTYN."

TO THE REV. D. BROWN.

"*Dinapore, December 3rd,* 1806.

"My dear Sir,—From a solitary walk on the banks of the river I had just returned to my dreary rooms, and, with the reflection that just at this time of the day I could be thankful for a companion, was taking up the flute to remind myself of your social meetings in worship, when your two packages of letters, which had arrived in my absence, were brought to me. For the contents of

them, all I can say is, 'Bless the Lord, O my soul, and all that is within me bless His holy name!' The arrival of another dear brother, and the joy you so largely partake of in fellowship with God and with one another, act as a cordial to my soul. They show me what I want to learn—that the Lord God Omnipotent reigneth, and that they that keep the faith of Jesus are those only whom God visits with His strong consolations. I want to keep in view that our God is the God of the whole earth, and that the heathen are given to His exalted Son, the uttermost parts of the earth for a possession.

"I have now made my calls and delivered my letters, and the result of my observations upon whom and what I have seen is that I stand alone. Not one voice is heard saying, 'I wish you good luck in the name of the Lord;' not one kind thought towards me for the truth's sake. Sunday morning, by the General's order, the men were ordered to attend at one of the barracks, where the only article of ecclesiastical furniture was a long drum. On this I read prayers, but as there was no seat for any one, I was desired not to detain them by a sermon. Monday I went without any introduction to Mr. G——, and by the influence of your name, found a very kind reception. I spent the day with him very agreeably, talking about Persian, Hindustani, etc., but chiefly about religion. He evidently did not speak about it merely in compliment to me, for many times he chose the subject himself. He made me a present of his works, promises to get a good pundit; and, what is best of all, has almost engaged to undertake a Persian translation of the New Testament.

. . . . . .

"I have found out two schools at Dinapore. The

masters have waited on me with specimens of their Nagree writing—the Devu Nagree tracts they could not read at all, the common Nagree of the Testament they could make out pretty well. I shall set on foot one or two schools here without delay, and by the time the scholars are able to read we can get books ready for them.

"Since I began this letter I have been chiefly thinking of Hannah. You have, indeed, good reason for supposing that God hath loved her. Dear child! if she should be at this time taken to His glory, I could almost envy her lot in being removed from a world of sin and sorrow so soon. Give my love to her; I hope we shall see together that great and glorious day which Jesus has made.

"I hasten to write a few lines to each of my brethren who have so kindly remembered me, and therefore I conclude. You do not mention Mrs. Brown in any of your letters. I do not know why; I am sure she sends her love to me.

"Believe me to be, my very dear Sir,

"Yours most affectionately,

"H. MARTYN."

TO THE REV. DR. CORRIE.

"*January 25th*, 1808.

"Dear Brother,—One of the Hindustani New Testaments will soon be ready; but I want to have a press here, for the delay of having everything done at Serampore is insufferable. There are few things I regret more than not having learnt how to print. Before travelling westward, it would be worth while to go to Calcutta to

learn this noble art, in order to teach it wherever we go. Yesterday we had the last of our church. The General says I must only read the prayers for the future, as the men cannot be kept in the sun for more than half an hour. I feel at a loss to know what to do; a short sermon I must give them. The 67th is expected here in ten days. I have been employed in writing Europe letters to —— and ——. To the latter, using every argument to draw him to India; advising him to keep his fellowship, for if he gets married it will be impossible to get him out of England. I have not heard from —— since I know not when, but I am greatly concerned that he does not give his mind to the languages. What an awful thought may it be to all three of us in the neighbourhood of such cities as Patna, Benares, and Moorshedabad, that thousands are perishing with a light close at hand! But while we are seriously preparing and conscientiously redeeming the time for that purpose, we may hope to be free from blood-guiltiness. Last Sunday I felt greatly fatigued with speaking, and for the first time perceived symptoms of injury, by pain in the breast. Yesterday it returned just as I began the service, and I thought it impossible that I should go through all the service of the day, but the Lord helped me. Saturday evening I was reading the ordination services, and think they are some of the most affecting things I ever read. What men of God were our forefathers! Oh may I learn in the same school. The Lord bless you, brother beloved, through Jesus Christ.

"H. MARTYN."

To the Rev. D. Brown.

"*Dinapore, January 30th*, 1808.

"My dear Sir,—Sabat to-day finishes St. Matthew, and will write to you on the occasion. Your letter to him was very kind and suitable, but I think you must not mention his logic to him, except with contempt; for he takes what you say to him on that head as homage due to his acquirements, and praise to him is brandy to a man in a high fever. He loves as a Christian brother; but as a logician he holds us all in supreme contempt. He assumes all the province of reasoning as his own by right, and decides every question magisterially. He allows Europeans to know a little about arithmetic and navigation, but nothing more. Dear man, I smile to observe his pedantry. Never have I seen such an instance of dogmatical pride since I heard Dr. Parr preach his Greek sermon at St. Mary's, about the τὸ ὂν.

"For several days past I have had my mind full of imaginations about establishing a press in my house. The reasons are many and strong which I have to offer, but as you will probably perceive them yourself, I will not adduce them till your opposition renders it necessary. But favour me with your opinion upon it as soon as you can, because we shall soon be ready for printing.

"Mr. G——'s late appointment seems to have excited in him a spirit of thankfulness to the Giver of all good gifts. . . . He always mentions you with kindness, but, like most other people, has a strange prejudice against Dr. Buchanan. On his removal to Bankipore, he promises to come and stay with me. His library is most choice; every article in it is most interesting to me, and he lends freely.

"And now I have no more questions to ask, except about your health, and that, my dear sir, is a question that comes from my heart. Oh may your next bring me the good tidings of your restoration to health and spirits. I have often observed that your spirits sink with your strength, but His love changeth not.

"'*My salvation shall be for ever, and My righteousness shall not be abolished.*'

"We wait your order to assemble anywhere to receive your pastoral visit. Were the archiepiscopal hands on you, we could not love or honour you more.

"Believe this to be a true word from your affectionate

"H. MARTYN."

TO THE REV. DR. CORRIE.

"*February 8th*, 1808.

"Dear Brother,—This week I believe I have nothing to communicate; yet, a beginning being made, something will occur. My mind is just now much occupied with some news I have heard, that the king is dead, Ireland in rebellion, England invaded, a large French force, by land and sea, coming to India, etc., if any etc. can be added to this. We deserve it all for our national arrogance, and God has threatened to bring down the haughtiness of the terrible; yet I trust the half of this is not true, nor any part of it. Yet the profound secrecy observed by the Governor and council since the arrival of the last overland despatch, is enough to alarm the public mind. How will our affairs be affected by it, *i.e.*, our *preaching?* Not at all. Our Lord's kingdom is not of this world; only we shall not be dressed in so good a coat, and perhaps shall trudge about without a palanquin,

neither of which, we trust, are serious afflictions to us. Also the Romish missionaries will lift up their head, and the Beast triumph for a season. Oh happy our lot to have a blessed heaven above for us, where no enemy, temporal or spiritual, shall disturb; and a Saviour here to whom we may flee and be safe from fears. 'Thou art my habitation whereunto I may continually resort.' Mirza made his appearance unexpectedly last week, and began his work forthwith. To-day we reached Matt. xiv., and in a month I expect the four Gospels will be ready for the press. But not a word from Calcutta to say whether I may hope to be favoured with a press here. To print myself, is become a hobby-horse with me. . . . Sabat continues tolerable in health, though often interrupted by headaches. He wrote a second letter to the Molwee Sahebs, at Phoolwaree, convincing them from the Koran of their unreasonableness in not arguing with him; to which they replied in a Persian letter full of Galee. I advised him to let the matter rest there, but he wrote a third time, in consequence of which one of them came and sent a note from a place in Dinapore to say, that for the sake of his descent he would meet him, but not dispute, except with *learned* men. He refused to meet him, and smiled at their pretending to despise his learning. Poor Sabat's mind is a little hurt, but I rejoice that his pride has received a wound. He is thereby drawn further from the world, and nearer to the Lord. To-day I hear one of these haughty Mussulmen means to visit me. I shall see what arguments he can bring for the support of his filthy religion. The more Sabat and myself talk and read about the Koran, the more he is amazed that his eyes were not opened before; and I, that 1,200 years out of

the 1,260 have left the superstition still in such strength. I had a conversation last night, at my garden gate, with several Brahmins, but I have forgotten my old Hindoo words, and so our discourse was reciprocally rather dark. Before I attempt speaking in the villages I must study the Nagree parables again with some attention. And now my paper is done, but not my desire of communicating with you. "H. MARTYN."

TO THE REV. D. BROWN.

"*Dinapore, February 12th*, 1808.

"My dear Sir,—I have no very urgent occasion to write, but next to the pleasure of hearing from you is that of writing to you. . . . My first question is about the press. May I not have one here? St. Matthew in Hindustani is ready; and in a month (D.V.) the four will be so. The Acts, by Mirza, were sent by him to you, he says, and Dr. Buchanan's secretary acknowledged the receipt of it. If you can procure it from Dr. Hunter, a month's labour will be saved. For Sabat, Mr. G—— will provide a good scribe; is it determined whether he is to be allowed one or not? He begins to be a little peevish at not hearing from you, as he suspects that silence may be the prelude to denial. Certainly our Arabian's *natural* temper is as bad as it well can be; but he fights manfully against it. If in any of our disputes I get the better of him, he is stung to the quick and does not forget it for days. So I avoid as much as possible all questions gendering strifes. If he sees anything wrong in me, any appearance of pride or tone of grandeur, he tells me of it without ceremony; and thus he is a friend indeed. He describes so well the character of a missionary that I am ashamed of my great

house, and mean to sell it the first opportunity, and take the smallest quarters I can find. Would that the day were come when I might throw off the coat, and substitute the jamer; I long for it more and more, and am often very uneasy at being in the neighbourhood of so great a Nineveh without being able to do anything immediately for the salvation of so many perishing souls. What do you think of my standing under a shed somewhere in Patna as the missionaries did in the Lat Bazaar? will the Government interfere?

"What are your sensations on the late news? I fear the judgments of God on our proud nation, and that as we have done nothing for the gospel in India, this vineyard will be let out to others, who shall bring the fruits of it in their season. I think the French would not treat the Juggernaut with quite so much ceremony as we do. . . .

"The Lord graciously preserve your bodily health, and fill you with all spiritual blessings in Christ Jesus! So prays,

"Yours ever affectionately,

"H. MARTYN."

TO THE REV. D. CORRIE.

"*February 29th*, 1808.

"If writing to you were not agreeable to me, I should not think of trying to fill a sheet at this time, for my eyes are heavy with sleep. We are all ill here,—Mirza, Sabat, etc., and to the inequality of the temperature we ascribe our ailings. After my preaching yesterday my lassitude was so great that I could scarcely support myself; at the close of the rains my sensations were the same. The General had not given orders for church on Satur-

day. I sent to inquire whether there would be a service or no; in consequence of this application, an after order was issued, to the no small disappointment of the soldiers, who were enjoying the idea of having no service. When the order came, B—— says they vented their rage in dreadful curses and execrations against me, for they lay all the blame of having the worship of God on me. May I be always chargeable with this crime. But what sort of men are these committed to my care? Alas! they are men of whom it is said, that their heart is enmity against God. On the preceding Sabbath I had given them one more warning against their whoredom and drunkenness, and it is the truth grappling with their consciences that makes them thus furious. When we do meet, it is with little comfort, as you may suppose, since I know that by far the greater number come by constraint. Even Sabat, who ought to be a comforter, does by his unguarded and coarse remarks often dishearten me, for he says he does not like the public worship; and were it not that he is afraid he should be suspected of not being a Christian, he says he would not come at all. He complains that there is no love in the people, and that he is distracted and not able to pray. It must be confessed that from the scandalous disorder in which the Company have left the ecclesiastical part of their affairs, so that we have no place fit, our assemblies are little like worshipping assemblies. No kneeling, because no room, no singing, no responses. Yet a judicious Christian would bear with all these things, and lend a hand to counteract them as much as possible. But Sabat, yet young, just thinks of pleasing himself. But through the Lord's love and mercy I do not much need the help of man. I feel determined to combat the enemy of souls

in every form. Yesterday was rather a happy day; text, 'Behold, I stand at the door and knock.' The poor men who continue to meet me so steadfastly in the evenings, I begin to think are really in earnest. Another came in the week, confessing his sins with tears, and desiring a hymn-book. B—— is made the butt of the wicked men, who try every species of infidel and atheistical argument within their reach to shake his faith. At the hospital Baxter's 'Saints' Rest' seems to cut like a sharp sword. The men, when I begin, look with contempt, but presently their high looks are brought low by Baxter's plain home arguments. A few women came to my quarters yesterday. The explanation of the Lord's Prayer from Luke xi. seemed to interest them. Saturday and to-day two merchants have been calling on me. With each of them I discoursed a long time on the affairs of another world, telling them 'Not to lay up for themselves treasures on the earth. One of them said these were 'words of wisdom, and he would hear me further on this matter.' Thus we go on, through evil report and good report. I have been reading Sir John Chardin's Travels into Persia, and a history of the Turks. I read everything I can pick up about the Mahometans. The Lord soon destroy their detestable dominion! But we shall soon be out of the reach of all evil, where the wicked cease from troubling. Let us continue to pray for one another, brother beloved, that we may be faithful unto death."

TO THE SAME.

"*May 2nd*, 1808.

"You have your trials, and I have mine; and trials are necessary for us both; the fall of one among few is

very cutting. But you will soon have more to supply his place, if he is not himself restored. My greatest trial is Sabat, he spreads desolation here. Mirza is driven to Patna, declaring he will not live here to be insulted by Sabat. My Hindustani work is, as I told you, all stopped. My scribes, whom Sabat will not allow me to turn away, pass all their days without anything to do. All my employment now is to compare Persian with Greek, and this, if it please God, shall be done before we part; he talks every day of going, saying he cannot live here for these wicked people. Alas, he little thinks of his wicked heart as the cause of all his troubles. He still holds fast the diabolical doctrine that love of our enemies is not necessary. Last night I preached to the men on humility, and angered him much. I intended it for him, he said, but that if he knew more English he could preach infinitely better. Friday morning one of our lieutenants, breakfasting out, went on the top of the house in the middle of the day without a hat, and while he was looking about, a stroke of the sun laid him dead in an instant. That night I buried him, and yesterday preached his funeral sermon. The heat here is terrible, often at 98°, and the nights almost insupportable. My employment every day is very great now. Sick and dying people are to be visited at the barracks and hospital. Sabat always calling me to the Persian, etc. But the Lord helps me through. I hope you have received the parables. Epistle II. of Corinthians is also written out for you, but I read it before I send it.

"H. MARTYN."

TO THE SAME.

March 27th, 1809.

"You will have heard that I am ordered to Cawnpore; but, by the General's advice, I shall apply for leave to stay till the rains, as I do not think that I could support the hot winds on the water. My expected removal has given a new turn to my thoughts, and produced a little dejection. It has always happened hitherto that whenever I have begun to feel an attachment to places, persons, or things, of a merely temporary nature, I have been carried away from them. Amen! May I live as a stranger and pilgrim upon the earth. May we be brought to that better country where painful changes are known no more. Every blessing attend you.

"H. MARTYN."

TO THE REV. DAVID BROWN.

Patna, March 28th, 1809.

"Dearest Sir,—Your letter is just come. The Europe letter is from Lydia. I trembled at the handwriting, . . . It was only more last words sent by the advice of Colonel S——, lest the non-arrival of the former might keep me in suspense. I trust that I have done with the entanglements of this world; seldom a day passes but I thank God for the freedom from earthly care which I enjoy. I long to see Buchanan's letter. You chide me for not trusting my Hindustani to the press. I congratulate myself. Last week we began the correction of it. Present, a Seid of Delhi, a poet of Lucknow, three or four literati of Patna, and Baber Ali in the chair; Sabat and myself assessors. Almost every sentence was altered. I was amazed and mortified at observing that reference was had to the Persian for

every verse, in order to understand the Hindustani. It was, however, a consolation to find, that from the Persian they caught the meaning of it instantly, always expressing their admiration of the plainness of their translation. After four days' hard labour, five hours each day, we reached to the end of the second chapter, so when you will have a gospel I do not know. It is to be hoped that they will get on a little faster when they are more used to the work of translation. Baber Ali, who is ambitious of the name of a learned man, thinks his own reputation involved in this work. He often tells his coadjutors to be careful, for if any error should escape, it will be said they do not know their own language. I find I have very little to do towards helping them out. The Persian is another Greek, so literal. This makes me more anxious about the remainder of the Persian, and less about the Hindustani. It is a delightful consideration to have set these Indians at work without hire at the word of God, for their own eternal salvation. Already kings are becoming nursing fathers to the Church. Babèr Ali and his nephew are of the Soofi dynasty of the kings of Persia, and Sabat, you know, counts kings in his pedigree. I was about to say that the Euphrates was flowing towards you, but the unexpected departure of the bungy has proved a dam to it. So we must wait till next Wednesday.

"Sabat is not likely to come down, except I am ordered away from this place.

"Yours ever affectionately,

"H. MARTYN.

"I am ordered to Cawnpore, as you will know. I mean to apply for permission to stay till the rains."

To Rev. D. Corrie.

"*Oct.* 30*th*, 1809.

"You are now doing my work, crossing rivers and traversing jungles, while I sit quietly in my bungalow, and the sweet song of Zion soothes my spirit. Yet I am with you in spirit, and lift my heart to God to keep you in all places whithersoever you go, and to make known by you the savour of Christ's name in every place.

. . . . . .

"Yesterday we had a service at head-quarters. I preached from the Parable of the Pounds; on the accountableness of man. —— was pleased to say that it was a very good sermon, but the praises of men of that stamp have no charms for me. His commendation gave me real displeasure, so much so, that I believe I hardly concealed my chagrin. Alas! thought I, the sermon has done you no good, it has not made you uneasy. At night I spoke to them on 'Enoch walked with God.' My soul breathed after the same holy, happy state. Oh, that the influence were more abiding; but I am the man that seeth his natural face in a glass.

"H. Martyn."

To the Rev. W. Clark, Ben'et College, Cambridge.

"*Dinapore, November*, 1809.

"My dear Friend,— . . . I could willingly converse with you a little on some part of your letter, but it has all probably passed out of your mind long before this. Respecting my heart, about which you ask, I must acknowledge that H. Martyn's heart at Dinapore is the same as H. Martyn's heart at Cambridge. The tenor of my prayer is nearly the same, except on one

subject, the conversion of the heathen. At a distance from the scene of action, and trusting too much to the highly-coloured description of missionaries, my heart used to expand with rapture at the hope of seeing thousands of the natives melting under the word as soon as it should be preached to them. Here I am called to exercise faith, that so it shall one day be. My former feelings on this subject were more agreeable, and at the same time more according with the truth; for if we believe the prophets, the scenes that time shall unfold, 'though surpassing fable, are yet true.' While I write, hope and joy spring up in my mind. Yes, it shall be; yonder stream of Ganges shall one day roll through tracts adorned with Christian Churches and cultivated by Christian husbandmen, and the holy hymn be heard beneath the shade of the tamarind. All things are working together to bring on the day, and my part in the blessed plan, though not at first exactly consonant to my wishes, is, I believe, appointed me by God. To translate the word of God is a work of more lasting benefit than my preaching would be. But besides that, I am sorry to say that my strength for public preaching is almost gone. My ministrations among the Europeans at this station have injured my lungs, and I am now obliged to lie by except on the Sabbath-days, and once or twice in the week. . . . However I am sufficiently aware of my important relations to the natives, and am determined not to strain myself any more for the Europeans. This rainy season has tried my constitution severely. The first attack was with spasms, under which I fainted. The second was a fever, from which a change of air, under God, recovered me. There is something in the air at the close of the rains so unfavourable, that

public speaking at that time is a violent strain upon the whole body. Corrie passed down a few weeks ago to receive his sister. We enjoyed much refreshing communion in prayer and conversation on our dear friends at and near Cambridge, and found peculiar pleasure in the minutest circumstances we could recollect about you all. I seldom receive a letter from Europe, so that you cannot do me a greater favour than to write and mention all our common friends. I remember them, with you always in my prayers, and beg the continuance of yours for me.

"I am, dear Clark,

"Affectionately yours,

"H. MARTYN.

"*Nov. 15th.* I am happy to say that by the goodness of God I am now perfectly recovered."

TO MISS GRENFELL.

"*Cawnpore, March 30th,* 1810.

"Since you kindly bid me, my beloved friend, consider you in the place of that dear sister whom it has pleased God in His wisdom to take from me, I gratefully accept the offer of a correspondence, which it has ever been the anxious wish of my heart to establish. Your kindness is the more acceptable because it is shown in the day of affliction. Though I had heard of my dear sister's illness some months before I received the account of her death, and though the nature of her disorder was such as left me not a ray of hope, so that I was mercifully prepared for the event, still the certainty of it fills me with anguish. It is not that she has left me, for I

never expected to see her more on earth. I have no doubt of meeting her in heaven, but I cannot bear to think of the pangs of dissolution she underwent, which have been unfortunately detailed to me with too much particularity. Would that I had never heard them, or could efface them from my remembrance. But oh, may I learn what the Lord is teaching me by these repeated strokes. May I learn meekness and resignation. May the world always appear as vain as it does now, and my own continuance in it as short and uncertain. How frightful is the desolation which death makes, and how appalling his visits when he enters one's family. I would rather never have been born, than be born and die, were it not for Jesus, the Prince of life, the resurrection and the life. How inexpressibly precious is this Saviour when eternity seems near! I hope often to communicate with you on these subjects, and in return for your kind and consolatory letters, to send you from time to time accounts of myself and my proceedings. Through you I can hear of all my friends in the West. When I first heard of the loss I was likely to suffer, and began to reflect on my own friendless situation, you were much in my thoughts, whether you would be silent on this occasion or no; whether you would persist in your resolution. Friends, indeed, I have, and brethren, blessed be God! but two brothers cannot supply the place of one sister. When month after month passed away, and no letter came from you, I almost abandoned the hope of ever hearing from you again. It only remained to wait the result of my last application through Emma. You have kindly anticipated my request, and I need scarcely add, are more endeared to me than ever.

"Of your illness, my dearest Lydia, I had heard nothing, and it was well for me that I did not.

"Yours most affectionately,

"H. MARTYN."

TO THE REV. D. BROWN.

"*Cawnpore, April 3rd*, 1810.

"Dearest Sir,—I do not know whether my spirits were low or not when I last wrote to you, but this I know, that I need not go so far as Calcutta for occasions of sorrow. Everybody would suppose Sabat improved; I fancy I see the worldly principle more predominant. Do not tell him any more that he is a learned man, the fact itself begins to be doubtful to me; but however that may be, it can only tend to strengthen his abominable pride to tell him that he is what he thinks he is.

"As you will not part with Shalome for five or six months yet, we shall have time to consider of the expediency of his coming to me. I have no hope of getting anything from him, when all the versions and Targum of the Polyglot are insufficient to afford me aid. . . .

"Next to oriental translation, my wish and prayer is that I may live to give a new English version of the Bible, from Job to Malachi, and after that to lead men to search for the principles of all true philosophy in the Bible.

. . . . . .

"I have had several letters from England this week of a mournful nature; my long-lost Lydia, however, consents to write to me again. My health, through mercy, is very well, notwithstanding all my vexations and

fatigues. My church is almost ready for the organ and the bell.

"Old Mirza gives me more satisfaction than any one in Cawnpore. He seems to take great pleasure in seeing an intricate sentence of the Epistles unravelled.

"Yours ever most affectionately,

"H. MARTYN."

Our space forbids the insertion of several most interesting letters written during Martyn's journey from India to Tabriz. The last he wrote dates from Tabriz, and is addressed to Miss Grenfell. The greater part of it has already appeared at the close of the sixth chapter, and so need not be repeated here. The last sentence may be added, as it touchingly sets forth expectations never to be realized on earth. He was looking forward to a meeting with her to whom he had given his heart, and whom he hoped, after a season of delay and disappointment, to call wife. But it was not to be. Their union was not to be perfected here. This joy was reserved for heaven. In this world they never met face to face again. But they have long since met in the world where partings are no more, and "in super-eminence of beatific vision have clasped inseparable hands with joy and bliss in over-measure for ever." All is well for both, and they would acknowledge that they were "led by the right way that they might go to the city of habitation." His last words to her in this world were these,—and the letter, written from Tabriz, is dated August 28th, 1812 :—

. . . . . .

"My course from Constantinople is so uncertain that I hardly know where to desire you to direct to me; I believe Malta is the only place, for there I must stop on

my way home. Soon we shall have occasion for pen and ink no more; but I trust I shall shortly see face to face. Love to all the saints.

"Believe me to be yours ever,

"Most faithfully and affectionately,

"H. MARTYN."

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